

# New York Home Weekly

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1876, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol VII

E. F. Beadle,  
William Adams,  
David Adams,  
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE (One copy, four months, \$1.00  
One copy, one year, \$2.00  
Two copies, one year, \$3.00)

No 358.

## AWAY FROM HOME.

BY EDEN E. REXFORD.

I sit in the gathering twilight,  
And hear in the street below,  
Strange voices, and hurrying footsteps,  
But never a one I know.  
Here, in this great, wide city,  
A stranger, I sit apart,  
As lonely as if I dwelt  
In the desert's dreary heart.  
But the din dies out of the twilight,  
And my thoughts, like birds, fly home,  
Where father sits by the firelight,  
With thoughts of the ones who roam.  
I can see the red light playing  
Strange freaks with his silver hair,  
As he whispers the dear names over  
In a way that is half a prayer.  
He is sitting there with his Bible  
Open upon his knee,  
And I know that the sweet old chapters  
Are blent with his thoughts of me.  
Oh, thought that is sweet as Heaven,  
Wherever my feet may roam,  
There is one true heart to love me,  
And pray for me at home.  
I know what he sees in the firelight,  
By his strange and far-off look,  
As he thinks the promises over,  
He has read in the dear old Book.  
Close by the gates of Heaven  
He sees my mother stand,  
And to him, in the flash of the firelight,  
She waves a beckoning hand.  
Oh, tenderest heart, and truest,  
Your thoughts are in Heaven and here,  
Of the friends in the two worlds, father,  
The heaven-friends are most near,  
And he prays that when life is ended,  
And no more our footsteps roam,  
In the world that is over yonder  
He may have us all at home.  
The miles may be long between us,  
But he they may, and I may not,  
Your love will reach over all distance,  
And help me to be true.  
And the thought will be sweet with comfort,  
Wherever my feet may roam,  
That there's one true heart to love me,  
And pray for him at home.

## The Red Cross;

OR,

## The Mystery of Warren-Guilerland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER

CHAPTER X.

THE KERCHEVALS.

THREE months have passed since we dropped the curtain upon the wild scene of Cordelia Valrose's capture by the Arab emir, at Wady Zebid.

We lift the curtain, this sweet October evening, upon a weirdly dissimilar scene. It is a place called the Death Gulch, in Wisconsin, and by right of the mysterious deed done there, which presently turned a myriad eyes upon the obscure spot, otherwise never heard of, it deserves a more conspicuous description. The Death Gulch is a valley with a worn-out silver mine in it; there is also a lake in it, walled in on every side by a grim facade of rocks, except at one end, where a single wooden house then stood, surrounded by a frown attempt at a farm.

This lake—I have scarcely language to present it to my readers' imaginations, such a combination of horrors was it—was certainly a curious freak of Nature's. It was a sheet of black, motionless, currentless, dead water, thickened with green slime, and teeming with the most monstrous forms of vegetation. The acme of submarine hideousness wriggled and swarmed and seethed in its rank-smelling depths, as if Nature herself hid them deep, ashamed of their foulness. It was encircled by a rampart of bare cliffs, the faces of which were horribly stained and smeared, and blotched with red, green, and black mould, or, possibly, by the various oxides in the stone, suggesting to the startled stranger sickening ideas of massacre and violence.

At the feet of these cliffs ran a strip of rank black mud, a species of soil not to be met elsewhere in all the Western States, and looked upon by all the neighboring farmers as something supernatural therefore. Out of this alien hot-bed a mass of vegetation as foreign sprung up every season in riotous profusion—great crawling, serpent-like vines, which, produced mammoth clusters of watery, viscid poison-grapes, trees that distorted themselves into abnormal growths, all slimy with ooze and swathed with unwholesome fungus, vast flaring flowers that diffused overpowering odors, and, wriggling continually in and out of the dank moss, innumerable little black snakes, with a white ring round their necks, spread the terror of the dreary place wherever its name was uttered.

The very air was heavy with malaria, the very sky above it was ever sad and unbent, never clear, never blue, but always blurred by clammy, discolored vapors. It seemed to be the haunt and home of all the diseases, the misfortunes, and the crimes that ever originated in Wisconsin, or so the gossips were wont to say.

At the extremity of the lake—which was four or five miles in length, and two broad—stood the solitary house before mentioned, of age far past its prime; it was blackened by the snows and fogs of the passing years; its planks were visibly rotting away, and it was forward, as if it would fall before the first healthy storm-blast which stirred the stagnant atmosphere—a delirious, half-dead, half-rotten, half-ghostly structure, which, however, never came—so the old novel stood year by year, only sinking a little deeper into the ooze which was imperceptibly sucking it down.

A ruined barn flanked the house. The midnight wind had a habit of moaning through its weather-beaten clapboards and crumbling key-holes, like the wail of a woman in mortal grief or pain—much to the discomfort of everybody possessed of a speck of reverence. (I quote from the gossips.) A few, a very few acres of arable land stretched behind the buildings into the valley, a dark, water-logged plain, where the fruits of the field either burst into rank-flavored and monster growths, or rotted in the seed in the spongy soil, just as it chanced. The



"Look out, you wicked hearts. I'll defend my poor helpless father's honor with every breath I draw."

nearest town was ten miles distant, and only to be reached by the farmer's rickety, one-horse buggy crawling through a wilderness of muskeeto-infested shrubbery up to the hubs in seething black mud. In fact, had the most ascetic of all the beauty, comfort, and happiness-lusting recluses searched the world over, he could not have discovered a spot more desolate, and, as it would seem, more God-forgotten, than this Death Gulch.

Ten years ago a man had come with his family from Virginia, and had settled there. It was a madman's act, done in a fit of despair, and vainly repented ever since. He had been a gentleman of fashion and means, had suffered reverses, had succumbed to adversity, and had perfected the ruin by parting with his last dollar in exchange for this luckless farm in the Death Gulch, tempted by its cheapness, and buoyed up by his utter ignorance of agriculture.

He had a wife, two daughters, and a son, and his name was—

JONAS KERCHEVAL.

It was about five o'clock of the evening, and Anne, the eldest daughter, a dark-faced gypsy of twenty-one, was washing the supper-dishes, while her mother sat by the wide hearth, busily knitting those coarse woolen socks, which the farmers of the West are wont to wear during their rigor of winter. Josie, the next child, a flaxen-haired fairy of seventeen, was engaged in fluttering about the bare, but scrupulously neat room, now twisting a fold of the coarse window curtain into a more graceful position, now stopping at the canary's cage to whistle up the drowsy songster, and anon flitting to the little mirror, that hung between the windows, to twine her glossy ringlets round her pretty fingers, or to prink her azure ribbons more coquettishly at her creamy tresses.

The only boy, Edwin, or rather Ned, a wild, harum-scarum noble-de-hoy of fifteen, had flung himself on the floor by the fire, and with his brown face gradually turning lobster-red from the heat to which he was subjecting it, and his horny hands buried in the rough hair of an immense bull-dog which sprawled at his side, he seemed to sleep.

Jonas Kercheval sat at the table, his elbows resting on it, his head supported on his spread hands, and his eyes fixed on vacancy.

He was pale and haggard; his eyes had sunk into two caverns, from which they looked out with an expression of patient endurance and helpless suffering that was utterly pitiable; his chest was hollow, and his jet-black hair was thickly sprinkled with white already, though his age was scarcely fifty yet.

A profound sigh escaped him, and he passed his thin hands slowly over his pallid face. Anne glanced at the bowed head with an intense strained look in her rich black eyes, and her scarlet lip quivered, to be instantly bitten into calmness as she rattled away with her dishes.

Josie turned a pirouette and sung:

"My love she is young, she is young, is young,  
When she laughs the dimple dips,  
We walked in the wind and her long locks blew  
Till sweetly they touched my lips.  
And I'll out to the freezing mere,  
Where the stiff reeds whistle so low,  
And I'll tell my mind to the friendly wind,  
Because I have loved her so."

Anne's scarlet lips waxed white; her great velvet eyes filled with fire.

But she said never a word.

"My dear," said Mrs. Kercheval to her husband, in a tone of loving remonstrance, "all the thinking in the world will do no good. We must mortgage the farm."

"Ay, mortgage the farm," groaned Kercheval, from behind his clasped hands; "live a few months longer on the pittance it brings, and then—starve!"

"No, dear, oh, no, we shall not be left to starve," said Mrs. Kercheval, throwing a meek glance heavenward. "What is it David says? I have never yet seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging their bread."

"There—that's enough!" cried Kercheval,

starting to his feet as if she had stung him. "I'm not righteous, that's where it is; I expect no mercy from God, much less his miraculous intervention in my behalf."

"Alas!" said she, looking upon him with infinite pity and tenderness, "neither of us have any right to expect anything from God as our deserts, except condemnation—"

"Silence, I command you!" exclaimed he, furiously; "you know nothing about this matter! You deserve condemnation, you say! God! what, then, do I deserve? For twenty years I have insulted my Maker and deceived the world—"

"Jonas! my husband!" murmured the devoted wife, rising hastily to put her loving hand on his mouth, for she truly believed that in his misery he did not know what he said. He grasped both her thin white hands, and looked into her worn, grief-wrinkled face in strange agitation.

"Yes," said he, hoarsely, "you've never known the true character of your husband, my poor Margaret; you've always believed me all you would like me to be, and followed my fortunes through thick and thin without a whisper of repining or one sigh of discontent. Margaret, I was never worth it."

"Indeed you were, my own true husband!" exclaimed she, fervently. "Few wives have been loved as I have been—"

"And few have been wronged as you have been!" said he, faintly.

"Oh, don't say so!" pleaded she; "why should you reproach yourself with the misfortunes which Providence has seen fit to send upon us! Surely never man worked so hard, or faced defeat so bravely, or went to work again so perseveringly as you!"

"My poor Margaret!" almost sobbed he. "If you knew—ah! if you only knew me as I know myself, you would curse me to my face and forsake me."

"That I never would," she answered, quietly; and drawing his anguished face down to her shoulder, she caressed the desperate man most tenderly, while she whispered sweet wifely endearments in his ear.

The three children of the ill-fated couple had watched this scene in silence. Anne now spoke, her bold, bright face brilliant with enthusiasm.

"Father and mother," said she, "I'm going to speak up once and for all. It's all nonsense to keep Josie and me at home when we might be earning our bread, and maybe helping you along a bit, too, in some of the neighbors' families. If I've been asked to go to service once, I've been asked a hundred times; Josie, too. I'm twenty-one now, and—and—I'm a-going."

"Service, indeed!" cried the silver voice of Josie; "not for me, thank you. I guess I can do better than that," and she peered into her sister's face roughly. Anne flushed, then grew fearfully pale.

"If you can, Josie," said she, very gently, "be sure that nobody will be gladder than I."

"Listen to me, Anne," said her father, looking at her with tears in his eyes. "You have sacrificed all your life as far as it has gone for my sake; you've been a devoted daughter, and all I've been able to give you in reward has been a love that few men feel for their most idolized children." As he said this, his wife's eyes shone through grateful tears. "Lately I've noticed through grateful tears, and lately I've noticed here, and that you've kept out of my way—"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Josie, spinning a pirouette.

"He came for—for—her!" faltered Anne, averting her face.

"He came at first for you," said her father, "and you discouraged him because you were too generous to forsake your poor, unlucky father."

"Well, I'm sure!" pouted Josie, her delicate cheeks flushing and her gem-blue eyes flashing. "as if I wouldn't do just as much for you as Nan! And he never came to see her! It was always me! Wasn't it, Nannie? Tell them it was."

"Always you," said Anne, faintly, her face still averted.

"And when we're married," continued the

little beauty, "see if I don't help father out of all his troubles. Arch has ever so much money, and I guess he ain't able to refuse me anything I want."

"Foolish child!" exclaimed Kercheval, gloomily. "I have fallen low, but not so low as to be able to live at the expense of my son-in-law. Marry, if you please, my girl, but not for my sake."

"Father—mother—you must let me go!" said Anne, turning at last to them her face, from which all the youth and beauty seemed mysteriously to have fled. "I can do nothing to help you here, and I can, and will, out in the world. Give me your consent, and I'll go to-morrow."

"Go! where, Anne?" cried a ringing voice. All turned in startled surprise toward the open door, the dog hurrying himself from his lazy sprawling on the hearth upon the stalwart young giant who stood on the threshold, with a short bark of delight.

"It's Arch! it's Arch!" exclaimed Josie, fluttering forward with two pretty hands outstretched, and an aura of smiles on her sweet baby face.

"Yes, it's Arch," said he, quietly putting her to one side as he had already put the dog, and continuing his point-blank stare at Anne; "and it seems I've come just in time to put in my word in a little matter here that concerns me about as close as anybody. If I ain't mistaken, I heard Anne say she was a-going out into the world so she could help her folks out of their troubles. Now, good people, I've got something to say to that. I've been coming here, off and on, this year past, and you may be sure it wasn't for nothing, either. I'm well-to-do, I've got the biggest store in Silver-Lead, and money in the bank besides; now, old man, I want your daughter for my wife, merely sayin', casual like, that my wife's father shall never lack as long as we've got a crust to share with him and his."

## CHAPTER XI.

### AN INTERRUPTED WOOING.

THIS wailing speech came upon them all like a thunderbolt.

First, there was Josie, the beauty, the belle, the coquettish, irresistible, willful little sprite, who had, as a matter of course, always appropriated the gallant young miner's attentions; here he was looking at Anne as if he would eat her up, while she stood unnoticed by his side!

Then there was the despairing father, who had just been pouring out his remorse and self-upbraiding over the devoted self-denial of his eldest daughter; in a moment he was assured, just as he would have had it!

Her mother, too—what a gush of gratified love swept through her long-tried heart!

Even Dare-devil Ned got up on his elbow and emitted a long, shrill whistle, ending in a melancholy howl like a suffering cat as he turned his mocking eyes on the discomfited Josie.

But Anne, with a very pale, proud smile, looked into Arch Arran's eager face, with these words, bravely spoken:

"Look here, Arch; you've named no names, so as yet nobody knows which of us two girls you've set your heart on. Before you do say which, I want to tell you that I hope it's Josie, because it—it—needn't be me. Stop—I ain't through yet. As long as my father is as unlucky as he is now, he needs me—and he needs me free."

"Now, Anne, it's my turn," said the young man, a quiet smile lighting up his splendid, dark, half-Spanish countenance; "in your heart you know just as well as I do which of ye I'm after. Friends!" he waved his tawny hand to bespeak the attention of the father and mother, but kept his fervent gaze upon the young girl with that expression a man only wears once in his life—"Friends, I've loved her ever since I saw her first, diggin' along of her father in the same furrow, an' laughin' as if she liked it; right on through all them months, when she took the burden of this misfortunate house upon her own shoulders, an' planted, reaped, garnered,

starved herself and went naked, that the rest might have plenty; many's the day I've squirmed under the knowledge of these things like as they was live coals on my bare back, not darin' for to put out a hand to help, 'cos you, neighbor Kercheval, was a gentleman, an' she was a gentleman's daughter! But things has come to a pint, an' I make bold to speak out, and to say before ye all—Anne, will you marry me?"

Oh, the divine radiance upon her face! It made it lovelier far, in spite of the irregularity of the features, and the deep brown of her complexion, than Josie's, of which eyes, nose, and dewy mouth were purely classical, while the skin was untanned satin, white as any lady's!

But when he stopped the delicious tide of love-words, the light died out, and all the rich warmth with it. She put a strong restraint upon herself, and answered, quietly:

"Thank you, Arch; you are worthy any good woman's love, and I hope you'll get it yet. But I warned you—you shouldn't have asked me; I have no thoughts of marriage, and, as far as I can see, never will have. Are you sure you know your own mind? Come, now, isn't it Josie you like best?" and she looked at him imploringly.

The little beauty, who had been scowling like a little fiend, here uttered a scream of scornful remonstrance, and flounced to the opposite side of the kitchen, Arran following her charming figure with a cool stare.

"Thank you all the same, Anne," said he, "I don't want a fine lady to put silk dresses upon and watch curl her hair—I want a woman—a real woman, God bless her, worth a woman of your fine ladies—I want you, Anne—you, my brave, self-forgetting, noble-hearted girl—and for your sake I swear to devote myself to your father exactly as you have done, and, thank the Lord, I've means to set him on his feet right now!"

Anne bent a heartrending look on her father. He made her a mute sign, to accept her lover with his heartfelt blessing upon the union—but by the bitter, indomitable setting of the lips, she read his unalterable resolution to hold himself forever above the degradation of accepting money, which he might never be able to return, from his daughter's husband.

Jonas Kercheval had once been a gentleman—he could not place himself under obligations to—a laborer.

A suffocating gasp, as of one in flames, escaped her.

"I—must—say—no! and, believe me, I mean it," she said, in a deliberate way.

With two strides he was at her side, his fiery eyes scanning her blanching features incredulously.

"You don't mean it?" he cried, exultingly; "don't play the coquette, Anne; leave that for silly little Josie. You and me was cut out for each other. Come, sweetheart, look up and tell them you'll be my wife."

He passed his arm round her and would have drawn her to his side, but she eluded him, and waving him back with a sudden cold composure, said:

"No."

He stood dumb. There was no mistaking her now!

Josie stole behind her sister, and laid her burning cheek against her shoulder with a soft, caressing pressure. Anne felt and understood it, and repeated yet more inexorably:

"No, Arch Arran. I can't be your wife."

"Why?" queried the young man, bluntly.

"You want to be married for love, don't you?" she asked.

"That's so," said he; "but you daren't say you don't love me."

She faltered a moment before that cruel test, but perceiving not only the eyes of her lover to be fixed upon her in breathless suspense, but those of her father also, she soon answered in a voice from which she had extracted every suspicion of feeling.

"You are mistaken. I don't love you. There, quit talking about it." And she turned to escape to her own room.

Arch Arran caught her in a fierce grip, and for a time there was dead silence. All felt more or less aware by the gradual darkening of that spirited Southern face.

"Anne Kercheval," muttered he, hoarsely, "you can't deceive me. You lie to me, because you think your father needs you. I've said all I can about helping him—if you don't believe my word, I'll write it down and give you the paper."

"Stop!" she exclaimed, stung anew by the sight of her father writhing in exquisite humiliation under her lover's words; "you're entirely, entirely mistaken—I tell you nothing could induce me to marry you or any one else just now, so there's an end."

Seeing her thus resolved, man-like, he promptly misunderstood her.

Self-sacrifice, to a man in love, is all but an impossibility. He desires; he will possess; heaven itself shall not say him nay.

On the contrary, a woman's love opens that golden gate of the soul, self-abnegation; she who was pleasure-loving as the seething bird, learns a sweet sobriety, a brooding care for others, becomes, in short, a woman, capable of the unutterable unselfishness of the wife and mother.

Judge then what an enigma a woman is to her lover, when the nobility of her soul inspires her to such conduct as Anne's!

His cheeks whitened and his eyes burned. He cursed her in his somber fury.

"Go, for a cold-hearted Jezebel, and perfidious go with ye!" he ground out between his teeth; "what a fool I've been to believe a woman's eye could speak the truth! Well, well, that's over. Farewell all, I'm off for California, nor I swear I won't stay in a place where I can see her, with her lures and lies."

"Stop, my boy!" cried Kercheval, firmly.

Arran was at the door, but at this, turned again.

"Anne," said her father, "give him your hand. No! My child, I entreat, I command you! What! would you heap sorrow on an old man whose heart has scarcely room for more?"

Anne only made a mute gesture of dissent, and staggered toward the door of her own chamber, seeing which, Arran put the unhappy man aside and strode back to the kitchen door.

At this moment a stranger appeared on the threshold, and, wrapped in his cloak, with his arms folded, gazed round upon the excited group before him, with an expression so singular that it riveted the instant attention of every soul present.

He was about middle height, his eye blue and

piercing as the flash of steel; his countenance was as white as the folds of a light muffer which he wore thrown negligently around his neck and shoulders.

The master of the house was the first to regain his presence of mind. With somewhat of his old gentlemanly grace he stepped forward, exclaiming:

"Will you enter, sir? We are rough here, but a traveler is always welcome."

The stranger did not move, but fastening his penetrating gaze upon Kercheval, said sternly:

"Friend, I have been a witness of the scene which has just transpired here. Pardon the intrusion, but I have come from the ends of the earth to discover Jonas Kercheval and the circumstances by which he is surrounded. It appears that I have lit upon you in one of the most unhappy crises of your most unhappy life."

Two innocent young hearts are just about to be crushed under the wheels of your evil destiny. Even your prayers and tears cannot avert the sacrifice. Miserable! clutching him by the coat, he now goes to blot out the past?"

Kercheval gazed at the mysterious stranger, agitated, as indeed they all did; but, presently, realizing the full meaning of his words, a fearful pallor overspread his attenuated features, and he staggered forth, in great agitation:

"In God's name, sir, who are you?"

"I am one," answered the stranger, "who saw alive, three months since, him with whom you made that weak and cowardly compact twenty years ago."

As he uttered these words in an inflexible voice, Jonas Kercheval—in the midst of an involuntary gesture imploring him to desist—fell on the floor in a swoon.

Baron Berthold had made one of his moves in the game of Warren-Guiderland.

## CHAPTER XII.

### ARTFUL JOSIE.

NATURALLY, every one gathered round the insensible man, and for the moment the stranger was forgotten.

When he was remembered, he had vanished, and Arran, stepping to the door, with the intention, it must be supposed, of calling him to an account, pretty sharply, only beheld a distant figure riding a powerful black horse out of the gulch, at a slashing pace.

Having assisted the terrified and bewildered family to convey Kercheval to his bed, Arran was loitering about the corners of his handsome hall, and as he loitered, his hurt pride had received some slight balm, when pretty Josie ran out, her little pink apron to her eyes, and, apparently quite forgetful of the late scene, so mortifying to her, she had so humbled him, and looked up with all her usual confidence and with infinitely more sweetness than he had ever ventured upon before.

"Arch, don't go away!" she implored, in a voice as tremulously vibrating as if it had received the training of a tragedy actress; "you're our only friend; what are we to do if you forsake us?" and she planted her lovely little face on his arm and sobbed.

Arch glowered at the artless maiden and turned down the corners of his handsome mouth sourly. He prided himself upon his discernment, and was fond of boasting that he could read any woman he set eyes on.

"Is?" he repeated, mockingly; "it ain't us that wants my friendship, an' it ain't us I want neither. Your sister's given me the mit, so I s'pose I may as well be off, first as last."

"There! he's spoken cross to me!" wailed Josie, perfectly overcome with affliction, and, retreating from the attack, she bent over the red garden-pail with her face in her hands, weeping convulsively.

Arch looked at her. In his heart he knew as well as Josie did that Josie was as incapable of caring sincerely for anybody under the sun except her own pretty self, as the little white kitten that was curling round her foot; also, that one tear of noble Anne's meant more than a thousand of hers, and yet, as he watched her, in spite of himself, yes, with his eyes wide open, he allowed himself, to drift into a state of dreamy complacency, basking in the glow of her lovely woman weeps for. His wounded vanity eagerly accepted this balm, and, his better nature slumbering for the time, he experienced a malicious pleasure in his supposed hold on the fancy of one so much the inferior of her who had so humbled him, for in her very inferiority lay his chance to humiliate her. A few attentions to Josie; yes, that was his best course!

Who would have supposed that gay little Josie knew the thoughts that passed through his mind just as well as he did himself?

There are some of our sex—more's the pity—born accomplished coquettes, coming from their very cradles with an intuitive knowledge of the opposite sex which puts to shame the knowledge which life-long experience has given the more simple-minded of us; these are they who are wont to compass their private ends through the judicious use of such charms as nature—monstrously heightened by art—has bestowed upon them, and instead of using their influence to lead their captives upward by the path of true love, Heaven's most heavenly gift to earth, they lure them, alas! the other way, down—down, step by step of the ladder of their basest passions, till destruction swallows them up along with their siren guises!

Of this fell sisterhood was Josie Kercheval.

"Seems to me you take on considerable about a cross word," remarked the swain, sardonically; "you ain't always so thin-skinned. I've seen you hold your own pretty s'ag'in Ned, I think!"

"Ned!" flouted the maiden, raising her daisy face, which a few tears had only served to brighten. "As if I cared what he said! As if I cared what anybody said in comparison with—"

But here she stopped abruptly, hiding her face again in charming confusion.

"In comparison with me, eh?" drawled Arran, sauntering lazily over to her and placing his great strong brown hand on her dainty shoulder; "look here, little girl, you ain't the best understand each other. I spoke rather rough a minute ago, hey? I didn't mean it, Josie, least-ways not to you. You've always been a kind little thing; why should I quarrel with you?"

"Don't, then!" sighed Josie, lifting her large, misty eyes with a curious gleam in them, and looking up at him with a pleading expression.

"Can I help it that Anne don't like you? I can't, any more than you can help it that you don't like me." And she pouted transcendently.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed he, stooping to peer into her luring eyes with a devil in his own; "I ain't so sure that I don't like you, Josie. At all events I ain't a-goin' to be such a confounded flat as to shut up my eyes from all other women because Anne Kercheval chooses to hold her head above me. I say, Josie, you like me pretty well, don't you?"

"Pretty well, Arch!"

"You little sly minx! You've made eyes at me for some time, anyhow, an' I s'pose if I hadn't been gulled by your sister I'd have liked you best."

"Too bad!" whispered Josie, looking down.

"Ain't it?" chuckled Arch. "But it's never too late to mend. We'll make a new deal, an' maybe you an' me'll turn out partners."

"Maybe!" breathed Josie, giving him a sudden sweet, dangerous love-look.

He caught her in his arms and kissed her.

Would he have done it if Anne had not stepped a moment before to the door?

Would Josie have permitted it?

Anne saw them thus, and stood transfixed.

"Good-by, little girl; I won't forget your kindness!" said Arch, distinctly, and setting the tiny siren on her feet he strode away.

Josie pretended just then to catch sight of her sister, and screamed. She also hid her face, and through her fingers peeped at Anne's white cheeks and pulsating eyes. Receiving no challenge, she was obliged to volunteer her little tale.

"Poor fellow, I couldn't help comforting him a bit; he came to me so pitiful!"

"Come in, Josie," said Anne, in a hollow voice; "Father is calling you."

"You ain't cross?" wheedled the little maid, nestling up to her sister.

"There's something very strange about father," said Anne, not heeding her question. "Oh, Josie, Josie, there are worse things in the world to be borne than any we've known yet!"

"What, Anne? Dear me, how you frighten me!" exclaimed Josie, uncomfortably startled by her sister's look and tone.

"Hush!" whispered Anne, laying her trembling hand upon the girl's shoulder, while her eyes glared and darkened awfully.

"I don't know what's in the inner room, raised and excited, speaking rapidly in a tone expressive of the utmost urgency and terror."

"No—no—no!" they heard him say; "having kept it all these years I dare not tell it now!"

Hush! no whisper to Margaret; poor Margaret! And Anne; my brave girl Anne—what, an I to cover her pure brow with the cruel tide of shame? God forgive me, I cannot—I cannot!"

In the dead silence which followed this outburst, the stifled sobs of Mrs. Kercheval could be heard, while the sisters gazed at each other breathlessly.

"What does it mean?" faltered Josie.

"Alas! something dreadful connected with the past answers me; that stranger's words seem to have turned our poor father's brain. A minute ago he sat up and called us all to gather round him, saying pretty calmly that 'he would be brave and tell the secret'—hear him now!"

"Do you think—do you think he may have committed some crime?" whispered Josie, with some hesitation, as one not quite sure how her suggestion may be received.

"Josephine!" exclaimed Anne, turning her glorious eyes full upon her with a flash of noble wrath.

"Now, now, what have I said?" pouted Josie; "why should he be afraid to tell the secret, as he calls it, if it wasn't a crime?"

"My poor child, you don't realize that his shame is our shame, or you wouldn't believe so readily in it," said Anne, more patiently.

"I don't know about that!" retorted Josie; "it was only you who mentioned as having anything to be ashamed of. But here even thoughtless Josie checked herself, mortified at having exposed such base selfishness."

"Children!" called Mrs. Kercheval, faintly. They entered their parents' chamber.

Their father was pacing up and down the narrow limits of the room, his head bowed, his eyes fixed, and a thin, white streak of foam upon his bloodless lips. His terrified face covered upon the worn chair lounge in a corner, following his erratic movements with apprehensive gaze.

Ned stood half-hidden behind a tall oak wardrobe, his small sharp features fixed in an expression of ineffable attention, his black eyes fastened upon his father as if he would fain compel him to speak. Indeed it would be difficult to conceive a countenance of more craft and shrewdness than that of the boy at the moment when his sisters entered the room.

"Come to me, girls!" moaned their mother, holding out her arms to them. "Oh, what is this that has come upon us?" she continued, when she had one or two side glances at her, with their clasping arms round her. "What was it that the stranger said to your father that could have such a fearful effect on him? Somehow I can't remember—can you?"

Anne mutely caressed her, smoothing back her hair, which was still rich and pretty, though thickly sprinkled with gray; but Josie spoke up with considerable vim.

"He said wouldn't father give something to blot out the past, and that he'd seen alive some person that father made a wicked compact—"

"Weak and cowardly," corrected Ned, his eyes glinting.

"Compact with, twenty years ago," concluded Josie, quite as eagerly.

"Yes, yes; that was what he said," faltered Mrs. Kercheval, growing paler. "What in Heaven's name could he mean?"

"He meant the same thing father did," said Ned, coming out of his corner in his eagerness, "when he said that for twenty years he'd insulted his Maker and deceived the world."

"For shame!" interposed Anne, in low, stern accents; "heartless wretches that you are, would you squeeze your drop of gall into an already brimming cup of sorrow? Keep quiet, for shame's sake, if you can't help it!"

"Hush! my children!" implored the gentle mother, shocked both by Josie and Ned's quotations, and by Anne's unwonted bitterness; "if we don't cling to each other now, how are we to stem the tide of destruction that seems ready to overwhelm us? But look, your father, I think, wishes to speak."

Kercheval had stopped in the middle of the room, and with his dark, sombre gaze fastened upon the little group, seemed to wait an opportunity to be heard by the more silent of them, then he said, faintly:

"Margaret—wife—wife, did I say? My God! I have no wife!"

## CHAPTER XIII.

### HATEFUL HEARTS.

THESE last words he uttered in such anguished tones, accompanying them with such a wild gesture, that they struck a thrill of horror through both Mrs. Kercheval and Anne, and Ned glanced hastily at each other, as if they would urge each other to take note.

"Dear Jonas, your Margaret is here; look, am not I your wife?" faltered Mrs. Kercheval, placing her hand lovingly in his.

He shrunk from her with a stifled moan.

"God help me, I can't, I can't!" he muttered; "the mother of my children—my first and only love—my faithful mate for twenty years—how can I forget all this? Sweet saint, is she any the worse of my faith? What as heavenly above, she's as pure as the angels! Shall I break her heart that I may expiate the past? Coward! No, I have been brave enough to sin; let me be brave enough to face the wrath of heaven whenever and wherever it is wreaked upon me, but she shall not suffer!"

This he muttered to himself, pacing once more to and fro, with his shaking hands clasped over his eyes, and his head bowed on his breast.

Josie and Ned perused each other's keen faces, misty eyes with a curious gleam in them, and caught the intense listening look of the two in their fainter roguish; her bosom swelled; her lips whitened; her spirit fled kindled into a blaze of grand passion. She rose, laid an iron hand on each startled culprit, and saying, in a still voice:

"Come with me."

Before they knew what she was about, she had them both out—not only out of their parents' room, but of the house, with the door shut behind them.

Then she towered over them, the majestic fire and scorn of her mien cowering them down beneath her feet.

"Sister and brother," said she, "you know best what's in your hearts to-day. Are you devil-possessed? Is it for you two children to suspect the honor of our father's past life? Is it for you to sit in judgment upon him whom God has laid his hand upon? Has he not been a kind father to us, a fond husband to our mother, a man of pure life and Christian principles? For God's sake, be children again, and not inquisitors, or I shall be tempted to drown you in the lake with my own hands!"

They hung their heads, completely overawed.

"You little, young creatures, who should be as innocent as the birds, and as incapable of imagining evil; you who have been so tenderly loved by both father and mother; you whose little bits of faults have always been forgiven so readily, and whose welfare has ever been the foremost thought in our father's heart—"

Here she stopped, choked by grief and anger.

Ned surreptitiously nudged Josie, to stir her to reply. Now that Anne's wrath had given place to anguish, the youth's dread of her lessened, and his courage rose. Josie took the hint, and, with natural shrewdness, carried the war into the enemy's camp.

"What business have you to say that Ned and me thought about the father? You're the only one that has mooted such a thing! And let me tell you, Anne, we're not a-going to be led by the nose by you any more. You've always given yourself such high-and-mighty airs, you would think you were some princess in disguise, and all the while I believe the truth of it is, you're not our sister at all!"

Here the young amazon edged off from the vicinity of her sister, and, with an unreasonably expecting some punishment to fall upon her, she might have spared her pains; Anne looked at her in speechless amazement.

"I guess that's about it," chimed in the valiant Ned; "she ain't no more like us nor a duck's like a red-breast."

Believe father's secret is," resumed Josie, from a safe distance, "that he!" She stopped with a gasp. No wonder; never had she beheld such a formidable sight as Anne's face presented at that moment.

She rose to her fullest height, her white mouth panting, her great, splendid black eyes flashing flames of her anger.

"As God is in heaven, I'll suffer no one to speak what would blast the fair fame of my father. Look out, you wicked hearts; I'll defend my poor helpless father's honor with every breath I have, and he is able to defend it himself; and then you shall repeat your guess at his secret—you shall, I say!"

A moment longer she scorched the cowering cowards with her blazing eye, then turned on her heel and went.

Like little reptiles they crawled off out of sight. They kept close together, as if it was only by such contact that they could keep up a decent show of courage. Having arrived at the barn, they sneaked into a nook behind the horses, and then ventured to loosen their tongues.

"Te-he!" giggled Ned, "it's fun to see you gals at it. Ye go in like a couple of scratch-cats, on'y tryin' 'em 'out' 'till 'em hurt most. But, say, why don't ye let poor Nan so m'rtal bad, Joe? She ain't up to us."

"She is—she is!" cried Josie, with sudden fury. How dare she go about in such a meek, goody way—the hypocrite—pretending to deny herself every pleasure, and to devote herself to the good of the world. But on this summer afternoon, I want to do the tiniest thing, like other girls! You see how it works! The whole country is ringing with the nobleness and such of Anne Kercheval, while you an' me are black sheep, the limits of the good map growin' up to no good use—you've heard them. Ned—an' I can't even hev' the fun of carryin' on with Arch Arran, 'cos the fool has to fall in love with her; but, I rather expect I've put a spoke in that wheel now, he-he-he!" And she laughed till her pretty eyes shone like sapphires.

"Lor, what a spitfire you are!" mumbled Ned, looking at her with small admiration; "who would think, to see you sometimes, that you could really be such a nut! Well, we've always thought that, but to do so, she's a real beauty. I don't think we're exactly like other people. The three elder ones hev' stuck pretty close together, an' you an' me's always seemed to be left to each other; an', to tell the truth, we're more birds of a feather than the others."

"I love Anne one for comin' between me an' Arch, an' if I don't hev him on his knees to me before the mother's out, an' her standin' by breakin' her heart over us (for she's crazy in love with him all the time, you know) may I turn as ugly as old Hagar the fortune-teller."

"Ugh! Take your phiz out of this if you do!" exclaimed Ned, with strong disgust. "I'd rather see you dead than like her."

The personage quoted was a horrible dropsical old Jewess, who made her living in the neighborhood of Silver-Lead by practices which sometimes brought her before the law-courts, and procured for her not a little questionable celebrity.

How little did the thoughtless young rascals realize that fair Josie had already tripped quite a long way on that path which had brought old Hagar to her present ugliness and eminence; nay, that to-day her youthful soul seemed as red-hot as Josie's watching eye as Hagar's face seemed to hers!

(To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

## IMPERFECT TRUST.

BY JOHN GOSPEL.

Why should we ever fear  
When night o'erhangs the way?  
Each hour of darkness or day,  
The Master stands near.

We are but children yet;  
We yield to needless tears,  
Whereof, when light appears,  
Is born our soul's regret.

Alone in perfect light,  
We see the world as near  
His Lord, he does not fear  
He'll leave him in the night.

## The Hunted Bride: OR, WEDDED, BUT NOT WON.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN,  
AUTHOR OF "BLACK EYES AND BLUE," "BRAVE BARBARA," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XIX.

THE VILLA'S NEW MASTER.

CARPENTERS, painters, house-decorators, gardeners had been busy all the day in and about Branthope Villa. New upholstery had come out from the city, and the neighbors were "dying of curiosity" to see the new interior, and the beautiful young wife of Mr. Maxwell, junior, who had to spend the day in getting herself and her husband's things into the new quarters.

Uncle Peter Maxwell slept well in his grave, and all the tears destined to be shed at the fate of the handsome and high-spirited girl, who used to queen it over that realm, had been dried long ago, and the family was at peace.

Uncle Peter, had passed away, and no relative mourned her early doom. There had been a great deal of whispering at the time the news of Margaret's death was brought to the village by her own hand, and a few things that she should have run away from her rich uncle, who had eloped with a man and a stranger (to them).

Her accidental death might have been a punishment inflicted on her by an angry Providence; at least, it might be said that she almost deserved it, for she had fondly loved, as she did, and was killing him with the shock. People were very severe in their judgment, as they are apt to be in small neighborhoods; and though some remembered with affection how beautiful, and how good she had been, and been, it was generally believed that she had been very imprudent, selfish and willful.

Young Maxwell was looked upon with more favor than he used to be; he was married now, and of course he would "settle down." They heard he had done splendidly in getting himself a wife, and it would be an advantage to the neighborhood to have the long-neglected villa inhabited by such fashionable summer dwellers.

It was a hot day in the middle of July. Mrs. Maxwell had been languid and very fair, sat in the broad portico, a book in her lap, and her favorite servant—her dressing-maid, Tina—bathing her forehead with some cooling, fragrant water, and fanning her.

As Tina performed these light duties, her thoughts fled far away into the past. Hers was not an ambitious nature. She was as perfectly satisfied to serve this fair young lady as she could have been with any possible employment, unless it might be taking care of a tiny little home in the country of her own. For, during their six weeks' residence at the villa, she had discovered that she was very fond of the country, and that her liking included the handsome, intelligent young Yankee who attended to the flower-garden and lawns.

Tina had no desire to return to the manufacture of artificial flowers, nor to a life in a tenement-house. She preferred to see Tina cultivating the real article, and to stroll, during her leisure hours, in the spacious and perfumed garden, which, to her, were like vistas of fairy-land, twining garlands for her indulgent mistress, of living roses and pansies. Tina had been cutting the grass on the lawns that morning, and it lay now in little fragrant heaps, making the air sweet with the delicious odors of the new-mown hay. A little while before he had been tossing and turning it, and Tina, hovering about Mrs. Maxwell, saw, through her drooping lashes, which appeared so shyly cast down, how gracefully the vigorous movements of the gardeners were, and how often he glanced that way, under his broad-brimmed hat. But now Tina's work called him in some other direction, and she, building her air-castles—which with her were only cottages, but just as satisfactory—had thought of many things in the last half-hour, under some bodily association all of a sudden she recalled the image of her friend Lucille so vividly that she started and looked around half-expecting to see her.

She had not received one word from her since last New Year's eve, seven months before, when they had parted, with no intimation that the parting was to be a permanent one. For many weeks she had continued much distressed about Lucille—fearful that some calamity, which her friend seemed always apprehending, had befallen her. She had nearly resolved a dozen times to ask Mr. Maxwell if he knew what had become of her, but she dared not approach the haughty master of the house as she did her indulgent mistress, and, also, she had been told by knowledge of the relationship existing between them. So she had kept silence, though sorely tempted many times to break it, so unhappy did she feel about the sudden disappearance of one whom she loved quite as dearly as an elder sister.

She had never ceased to wonder and grieve, until, since coming to the villa, her dawning love for Tina, with change of scene and new interests, Lucille's image had faded somewhat into the background. But on this summer afternoon, with nothing seemingly to suggest it, it came back with a vividness which engrossed Tina, and she forgot Tina in the flower-garden, and the fan in her own hand, and she stood idly lost in reverie.

"Violet! Violet!" called Mr. Branthope Maxwell, from the dim recess of the parlor, "don't you know that the light reflected under the piazza is bad for your complexion? It is cooler in here by ten degrees. Come in and read your book, and stop this stupid novel. I am too lazy to finish it for myself."

The young wife, smiling and well pleased to be called to administer to the luxurious case of her precious tyrant, arose and went in. Tina had not time to do so, she saw a shadowy step of the piazza, pulled two or three roses to pieces, and then took a bit of embroidery from her pocket, which she was working for Mrs. Maxwell, and as she stitched away, thought still more of Lucille—that beautiful, mysterious girl, who had been so good to her, and whom she had detected from the first of her coming among them there at the manufactory, to be a princess in disguise.

As she had done a thousand times before, she puzzled her brain to put together the few threads of the story which had fallen into her hands, but could make nothing satisfactory out of them. A step on the gravel walk, which she took to be Tina's, approached her, and out of that coquetry, which comes natural to such pretty young things, she affected not to hear it—not even by the quiver of the quiver of a lash, as she slowly drew out her floss, that she was aware of its having drawn near, and paused in front of her.

She started violently enough, however, when, after a full minute's silence, a voice, which was not Tina's, said, in a low but coarse and heavy tone:

"My eye! I didn't know you was a-makin' your home here, my purty."

As she looked up she saw a rough-looking fellow, with ugly eyes and a red beard, whom she was conscious of having met before, but where or when, she could not recall.

"You're a smart little girl, an' you played me a nice trick as slick as ever I see. But I don't owe you no grudge, my purty, seein' I got off in less'n a week. Hain't seen nothin' of your friend Lucille around lately, I'll be bound?"

"Oh, do please tell me if you know what has become of her?"

"Wal, I reckon I do know considerable about her; but I don't pay railroad fare out here a hundred miles to inform you of what I know. I usually does such little jobs as pays. That girl's a nice trick at money to me, she is, that's a fact. I don't care how long she keeps up her little game of hidin' herself and runnin' away, so long as I knows at least two gentlemen as is always willin' to pay lib'ally for havin' of her brought to light. Is J. B. Maxwell, Esq., at home?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"I knew that, or I shouldn't 'a' wasted time comin' out. Tell him a gentleman would like to speak to him on business, if he ain't too much occupied," sardonically.

"Perhaps you had better send in your card," said Tina, spitefully; "he'll be better able to decide whether he's engaged or not."

"I reckon he'll see me, most any time. But, I want to take in my name, just mention that Gus Nichols is waitin' on the stoop."

She picked up her work and went in, leaving him sitting on the steps, wiping his face on a soiled handkerchief. She did not mention the name had given her to Mr. Maxwell, for some instinct warned her that it would not be agreeable to him to hear it, but simply told him that a man wished to speak with him on business.

"What sort of a man?" queried Branthope, sardonically. Does not a reasonable being suppose I'm going to attend to business on a summer afternoon with the thermometer at 'buttermelts'?"

"Well, a man," answered Tina; "not a gentleman."

"Some of these farmers about here want to buy or sell something, I suppose. Tell him to call again—this story has just reached the culminating point, Mrs. Maxwell, and I want to know how it comes out," and he resumed his lounging on the stoop.

Believe the man came out from the city to see you," continued Tina; "and that his name is Nichols."

"Nichols! I don't know any Nichols, and don't want to know any Nichols," answered the master of the house, with good-humored impatience; but just then a recollection of the name dawned upon him, and, rising to a sitting posture, he asked, hastily: "What sort of a looking fellow?"

"Disagreeable," said Tina, decidedly, "with a red beard."

"That alters the case," said Maxwell, looking very much disturbed. "I suppose I must see him, if he has a red beard," adding, sotto voce, "confound that rascal; what's in the wind now?"

"Shall I show him in?"

"No, indeed. I can transact all the business I

have with him out of doors. I wish Mr. Nichols was in Jericho!"

am glad you have called upon me, Branthope, because I was about to visit Branthope Villa, and it is more agreeable to have seen you first."

Her listener winced—she was coming then to claim her fortune, upon which he had been so successfully luxuriating.

"Margaret is actually growing parsimonious," he said to himself; "as if Martineque's property was not enough for her!" but he forced himself to smile, and to say how delighted Mrs. Maxwell and himself would be to receive so illustrious a guest.

"I shall not come as a guest. I shall come to take possession of my homestead and set up my own household gods there. You turn pale, Branthope, so I suppose I had better hasten to assure you that I do not intend to ruin you, although, probably, to reduce your expectations a good deal. How much did Uncle Peter leave, when his estates were settled?"

"About a hundred and ten thousand dollars."

"Very well. It seems to have been decided by the voice of the people that I am capable of making a fortune for myself—I suppose I can earn money by my profession a great deal faster than you can by yours. I have not the heart, cruelly as you have treated me, cousin, to take from you all that for which you paid the dear price of your integrity. You turn pale, Branthope, for which I have sacrificed so much. Then, too, being nephew, as I am nice, of the man who left it, I consider you entitled to share with myself, though your name is not mentioned in the will. In short, I want the old homestead, for I love it, and Uncle Peter's memory makes it sacred to me. I want, also, five thousand dollars to buy my wedding outfit. The remainder you shall have. I will make out the papers as soon as convenient after I come home."

"You are generous, as always, Margaret," stammered her cousin, much relieved, yet still shivering at having to resign the Villa and its surroundings, so convenient as a summer resort. "Did you say you wanted to buy a wedding outfit?" putting on a gay air, while conscious of a second pang of wounded vanity to think his desertion had not blighted all fancies of that kind.

"Yes, I said so. I am engaged to be married; and I tell you this, not because I expect to borrow respectability from you or your connections, but because you are a relative, bearing the family name, and I prefer to be in my own home, and with relative—even one as good as you—for the few weeks previous to my marriage. The gentleman to whom I am engaged—"

"Kellogg, I'll be bound."

"Yes—Mr. Kellogg is proud, and has a high position to sustain. He has taken me upon trust—absolutely with no knowledge of me or mine, except what he has gained from my own lips. Though a man of the world and necessarily, by his profession, thrown into the society of women more or less of adventurers, he has believed me, respected me, done me the honor of confiding in my heart and name. He asks nothing in return but me and my love; but I, too, am proud. I take pleasure in the thought that I shall be married in my own house, with a splendor worthy of him and his fame. Every circumstance of my other marriage shall rest, without shadow, under his shadow. You, sir, will have to come to the confessional before him; it is the only atonement I demand for the injury you did me. As to your wife, I could not, for her sake, mortify you before her, nor shake her confidence in you. I am quite willing that, for the days of my life, you really thought me dead, if, indeed, she knows anything about me. But from the day I come to the Villa she must be my guest, not I hers."

"But she saw you, two or three times, playing the part of servant-girl! She will be sure to recognize you."

"I think not. Dress makes a world of difference. If she sees a resemblance she will perceive herself that it is only a fancy of her own."

"Then that confounded—excuse me, cousin—dressing-maid—she will recognize you, I think!"

"Oh, is Tina with you still? I am so glad. That child will do as I tell her; she will never make trouble."

"How did you hear of Martineque's death?" asked Branthope, clearing his throat, for he found his voice husky, despite of his efforts to appear quite at his ease.

"I saw him die," she shuddered as she said it—even the memory of that man always set her nerves quivering, so long had he haunted and tortured her.

Branthope flinched in his chair, got up, looked out of the window, pulled down the blind, drew it up.

"I did not know you were living together—that was his way of asking the question. 'How did he die?'"

"By accident."

"Margaret, you are not—you did not—"

"No, I did not kill him. I am glad, now, that I was never tempted to. With the thousand dollars you sent me I took passage for London, very secretly, I thought, for I had become aware that Mr. Martineque was in the city. When the steamer was only about forty-eight hours from Liverpool, he suddenly appeared in the cabin, having tracked me on board the boat, taken passage in it also, and remained in his state-room long enough to heighten my misery and his triumph when he revealed his presence. God's ways are not our ways, Branthope. At that very hour the ship was on fire, among the flames, in the hold, but at the close of the second day we were taken up by a sailing vessel, which, to double our good fortune, was bound for the same port for which we had started, and we arrived in Liverpool, only six days late. I heard of the safe arrival of two of the three boats—the fourth was never heard from, I believe. I went directly to London with some theatrical friends, whose acquaintance I had made on board the steamer—Mr. Kellogg among them—and began to study for my new career. At the end of three months I was engaged at the Winter Garden theatre. I then came to Branthope Villa for a few weeks of repose, and to prepare for the event which is fixed for the first day of September. Good-morning."

Mr. Maxwell went down the staircase with the air of a man who has got in the wrong house.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A BIT OF TROPICAL LIFE.

That long, rolling wave which washed Senor Martineque away from the burning ship, away from the waiting boat, away from the shuddering gaze of the woman he had so persecuted, was not so fatal as those witnessing his disappearance believed. Night and the storm swallowed him up, but the energies of life were fierce in his thin, muscular frame and fiery heart; he was not the man to sink without a stubborn fight with the elements. Many moments he sustained himself, although conscious that he was being carried further from hope of aid; and, when nearly exhausted and half in-

sensible, was rewarded for his energy by feeling his arm come in contact with some hard substance, after which he immediately grasped, and found it to be one of the chairs or stools belonging to the ship, and which was provided with an air-tight compartment, making it sufficiently buoyant to enable him to rest himself upon it. Hope revived with this temporary aid; all night the senior clung to his life-preserver, numb, cold, and drowsy, sometimes actually asleep, but ever tightly clasping this straw "which was destined to be his salvation."

For with the gray light of dawn there came a faint shout, sounding far away and dreamy in his half-conscious ear, but which, in reality, was close at hand. The second boat, manned by the second mate, had driven about the wreck enough, at the mercy of the wind and waves, yet Fate had so decreed that her wild, erratic path should cross that of the floating chair and its clinging freight, just when the light was strong enough to make the situation evident. With great difficulty, and not without risk to those already crowded in the boat, the senior was dragged in, and revived by the attentions of those about him, who divided with him their dryer garments, and shared with him their bread and brandy.

This was only the beginning of his good fortune. Before three o'clock of that first day they hailed a large and handsome clipper ship, which hove to and took them up, giving them hospitable welcome. One of the first questions asked by the "forlorn and shipwrecked brothers" was, where was the ship bound for Havana. They were answered that she was bound for Havana, with a cargo of cotton cloth and iron, to return with sugar. This was certainly not the direction they would have chosen; but life is too sweet for people to stand on trifles, and gratitude was the uppermost feeling with the rescued. They had, too, lively hope that they should fall in with some Havana vessel, England-bound, when they could retrace their course. The captain assured them there was every prospect of this, as such meetings were frequent. Whatever interests the other rescued passengers may have had of business or family ties, no one was quite so eager as the senior in the sharp watch for the expected vessel. He would walk the decks all day long, gnawing his lips with restlessness, feeling that she whom he had tried so long to secure to himself was safe and happy with that audacious actor whom he hated as only the jealous can hate. He had thought of doing but make pictures of the state of affairs between Margaret and Mr. Kellogg. Once he burst into a wicked laugh: "She played a pretty successful trick on me when she disappeared in the river, and I went to the expense of a funeral for her. A Roman! A Roman! For your Oliver, Lady Martineque! I am as hard to drown as you are! What a welcome you'll give me, sweet wife, when next I present myself to you. I shall bring that little flirtation of yours to a speedy end."

But they did not fall in with a homeward-bound vessel; and as the senior began to realize how long it must be before he could hope to reach London, and how exceedingly doubtful it was if Margaret herself would ever reach there, his exulting changed to the most grating impatience. One thing made him wretched: the fact that those two had escaped in company. Had they taken separate boats, he might have been reconciled; but as it was, should they be taken to China or Australia, they would still be together, be free from him, and be happy. This bitter certainty made the laughing days all the more enviable.

Six weeks passed before he set his foot upon the wharf at Havana. He proposed an immediate return to England, by steamer; but so much time having already elapsed, and he was so near his own home, prudence demanded that he should pay a visit to Maracaibo before starting again for an indefinite time. Necessity, too, had something to do with his decision; for, although he had a few hundred dollars in English bank-notes, well-soaked and dried, but not destroyed, in his purse, he had left his money, chiefly in gold, with other trinkets, in his trunk, on the long-drawn steamer. Upon inquiry made of an acquaintance whose warehouse was near at hand, he learned that a vessel from New York was then on the point of proceeding on to Maracaibo, and in less than an hour he was on his homeward way.

"What's the name of the passenger?" asked one sailor of another, as the senior, the next day, came on deck, and beginning his promenade, looked at the rigging, the sky, and the water, as if he longed to command them to double duty.

"He's a mighty uneasy sort of traveler; looks as if he'd like to get astride a streak of grained lightning."

"His name is Martineque, I heard him say. He belongs in Maracaibo. Was on his way to Liverpool in the steamer burned up; he was picked up by a vessel and brought to Cuba. But him out some, I reckon. I don't blame him for looking equally."

"Martineque, hey!—lives at Maracaibo! Jerusha! I'd like to tell this to my Sally. I promised her, 'fore I shipped, when I got there I'd fix my eye on that very chap.'"

"Quaintance o' her, I reckon."

"Not exactly. Intimate friend of a young lady we know."

"Ay, ay. She'll be tickled to learn he was burnt up."

"It's my private opinion she wouldn't care how quick he began his material course of life, if he could only get to Maracaibo. I don't see how he could find this belief to his companion."

His interest in the passenger was greatly increased after learning his name, and from that time forward, as long as they were bound in the same direction, he kept a sharp eye on the unconscious senior.

Zekiel Griggs, late canal-boatman, in the absence of steady winter employment, and under the magic persuasion of extra pay, had been induced to part from his Sally, and the two little ones, and enter upon an enlarging sphere of adventure and action, having left his family comfortably settled in the tenement-house, and shipped for one trip to Maracaibo and back.

The vessel in which he sailed was not one of the staunchest; but having been favored with good weather, they reached port in safety, not without, with becomingly convinced that important repairs would be necessary before attempting the return trip. This did not trouble the jolly sailors half as much as it did the owners and masters; they were quite equal to a holiday, especially in that tropical region, looking so beautiful to their eyes in contrast with the ice and snow they had left behind.

Zekie, who, like so many honest, hard-working Yankees, had a spice of the richest poetry in his queer composition, was delighted; it was his first experience away from home, and the sea, the deep-blue sky, and the gold of the balmy winds, he only longed that Sally might be there, with the babies, to enjoy what he enjoyed.

"She would feel more romantic than ever," mused the good husband, thinking, with a sigh, of the far-away not-over-pleasant tenement-house, and without a reproachful memory of neglected buttons and baker's bread; "she could squat in the sun, like one of these here natives, and read novels from mornin' till night. No fire to build, and not much clothes to wear—and for cookin', a few of those penny flap-jacks, and plenty of juicy fruit, would be all natur' requires."

In fact, for a few days the languid effects of the new climate were such on the hardy sailor, that he had Tennyson in his heart if not in his mind, and if he could have put his feelings into words, he would have said, with the "Lotus-eaters,"

"Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, Than labor in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar; Oh, rest ye, brother-mariners, we will not wander more."

But in the midst of this indolent enjoyment, he did not forget the interest felt in every movement of the Senior Martineque, in whose case, even after the shipwreck, he had been thrown by such mere chance, "so that's the fellow that makes my dear

young lady such trouble," he would say to himself, over and over, always after meeting the senior, which he continued to do frequently for some days after the vessel came into port; for the senior had warehouses on the dock, and was very busy looking into his affairs. "He's an eye like one o' them serpents they says grows lively about here. Handsome, but I don't like the cut of his jib. If he sets his foot down, I swear, it would take a forty-horse power to make him take it up. I wonder if he's come back to settle."

It was soon evident that he had not come back to settle; for, in less than a week, the senior was off again for Havana, from whence he was to take the steamer to Liverpool.

"What's in the wind now?" queried "Zekiel to himself, squinting his eye as if in that way he could see more clearly into the intentions of the restless traveler. "He's bound for England—I'll lose my guess if he ain't on the track o' my dear Miss Lucille. If his ship hadn't been lost, he'd be here before now—he had not chanced to learn that the vessel destroyed was the one in which Margaret took passage, or he would have been still more uneasy."

Zekiel's inquisitiveness came into full play, as he lingered about the town, during the hours when he was off duty, chatting with such of the natives as could speak broken English; he soon had almost the whole history of the rich Senor Martineque, as far as it was known, in his birthplace. The brown old woman who washed his clothes for him was a perfect mine of information, and the three little silver pieces opened her heart and loosened her tongue like magic. "Berry nice man—oh, berry; but an awful temper!" She knew, for she used to be a servant in the family, when he lived with his wife.

"Wife! then the senior was a widower, was he?"

"Quien sabe? It might be—it might not."

By degrees he got the whole story from her; how the senior had married a girl very beautiful, but not rich, with no great relatives to take her part; how he used to be fond of her, and very jealous. How sometimes she would cry, and when she was in a hurry, accusing her of a passion for some other gentleman, who might have danced with her at a ball, or spoken to her on the plaza. How she, too, had a temper and was of her own—and how, finally, she left him, or was driven away by him, and went to live in a small place in the country, and to work like a common woman, for he would make her no allowance.

"And how long since she died?" asked Zekiel, with great interest.

"Quien sabe?" the narrator had heard that she died of yellow fever, some years ago that summer. The senior had had word sent to him that she was dead; but he had not even put a black band on his sombrero—"little he cared—his bachelor life suited him better."

"What named it the discarded wife go by?"

"Quien sabe?" the narrator did not care to say.

"Had the senior ever obtained a legal separation from her?"

"Quien sabe?" shaking her head.

"If the lady is dead, when she died—all about it, I thought, but the fact that she died with out me," muttered Zekiel. "I'd do more'n that to serve Miss Lucille, and who knows how important this information may prove to her?"

## CHAPTER XXI.

## APPROACHING THE VERGE.

BRANTHOPE MAXWELL had a fortnight in which to prepare a fable which should account for his cousin's return without exciting too much gossip and astonishment in the neighborhood. As the day of his return drew near, Branthope had had such a relative, who would have been joint heir with him to his uncle's estate, had she lived; but that she had been drowned while on her bridal-tour. Branthope had only to inform her that this supposed death was a mistake; that Margaret was coming out, and now, her husband having died, she had taken to the stage, for which she had always evinced an extraordinary inclination; that the Mrs. Martineque playing with such *ecart*, in New York, was she; that she was a woman to be proud of; that he, in the grand old hotel, when she must be immensely wealthy, and playing simply from pure love of the drama—and that she was heir, with him, to uncle Peter's estate, but that she would accept nothing of her property here; except the Villa, which, being the home of her childhood, she seemed to cherish, as a fancy. He added that Margaret was coming to visit them, and to be married at the Villa in the course of a few weeks, to Mr. Kellogg, the tragedian. He suggested that they resign the place to her, since she had refused to take more, but that, if urged by her, they should finish the season at the Villa, and then return to their own family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her. To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and very impatient for the day of the cousin's arrival. She was so glad that her dear Branthope had recovered from some one of his family for her to pet and love, that she was quite like a child in her delight. It relieved him to find her so ready to accept the new state of affairs; her father, now, might view the change with more of a business eye, and as a great benefit to her, and as a great relief to her.

To all this Violet listened with interest, not loth to give up this pretty country-seat, since she was to gain such a beautiful, gifted, rich kinswoman, and



## DREAMLAND.

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

"Twas the breath of the flowers  
That through long summer hours  
In beauty and silence were springing,  
And the waves of the river  
That with sunlight and shadow  
In murmuring whispers were singing—  
That called thoughts of gladness  
To moments of sadness  
And brightened the beautiful day,  
With memories olden  
Of days sweet and golden  
That vanished in mist-wreaths away!  
Fond hopes I had cherished,  
Fair dreams that had perished  
Came back with the summer-time glow,  
When I reaped for the flowers  
That grew in youth's hours  
A harvest of passionate woe!  
Oh! dreamland of splendor!  
Where thoughts sweet and tender  
Can come at the heart's faintest call!  
There is joy for the meekest  
And strength for the weakest  
Who enter thy glittering hall!  
Then faces will greet us,  
And footsteps will meet us  
That long ago vanished away!  
And the heart will grow tender  
'Neath the mystical splendor  
And glow of the beautiful day!  
And vows that were spoken  
To be rudely broken  
Will thrill with the sweetness of old,  
And spirits that languish  
With sorrow and anguish  
The pinions of peace will unfold!

## Stories of Chivalry.

## THE LETTRES DE CACHET.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"I THOUGHT you were going to make a suggestion, Duke."

"For once your thoughts were right, Marmon. Lettres de cachet are in the market."

"But not one would be given to Marmon de Briese. The queen does not like the name I bear, and the lieutenant of police dare not sell me one."

"The queen and yourself at the outs? Pray explain, for this is news to me. It will excite Parisian society."

"This nothing worth wasting time about. I wouldn't stir with her majesty, and so she has forbidden me the palace. All Paris is wondering why Marmon de Briese was not present at the reception of Don Juan, of Spain. I don't care that for the queen! and the handsome young speaker snatched his way, fingers dexterously. I owe her no gratitude. Our people's morals might mend if she were back in Poland."

"Not so loud, please. There are people in the next room, and your voice is known everywhere. But, to business. If a *lettre de cachet* will serve you, one you shall have."

The young nobleman's eye flashed joyfully.

"It alone can make me happy. I do not think that Adele—my adorable angel of the Rue Montmartre—thinks any too well of him. She has never shown any aversion for me, and I have been on my knees before the peerless creature within the fortnight. Her father, the count, is bound to this Haliase, and Adele has consented to become his bride. That is the way I look at it. A *lettre de cachet*, my dear Duke, and I am the happiest man in France. Once wedded, I will take my bride beyond the power of that Polish woman who calls herself Queen of France."

"When do you wish it?"

"This night, Duke. To-morrow is the wedding-day. He shall be arrested before daylight."

"At eleven to-night, Marmon. You shall have the instrument of victory placed in your hands at that hour."

The couple separated over a bottle of wine which the waiter brought into the gorgeous *salon* on a silver waiter. They parted in high spirits, and the youngest of the pair, flushed with liquor and anticipated triumph.

Marmon de Briese was a young nobleman well known in Paris. He was gay, gallant, a good singer and an expert swordsman. But, he was crafty; in an *affaire du coeur* he would stoop to anything in order to gain his desired ends. The queen alone had failed to ensnare the heart of the wild young Frenchman. He feared the jealous heart of Louis the Fifteenth, and his cunning had caused his ostracism from court. Marmon was taking her revenge.

At once he cut off from royal favors. He was fearful lest a *lettre de cachet* might be thrust into his face, and consign him to the relentless keeper of the bastille.

Marmon de Briese was actually in love, as we have heard him tell his friend, the Duke of Velay. But, he feared that the beautiful Adele to the altar. He saw no success save in the grant of a *lettre de cachet* with which he could lock the rival up, and secure the girl for himself.

But the queen would grant him none, and he knew that he dared not apply in person to the lieutenant of police, who had signed the infamous *lettres de cachet* were for sale in Paris, Marmon de Briese, wealthy as he was, had not money enough to buy one.

Eleven o'clock found the young nobleman in the *salon* waiting for his friend, the Duke of Velay. He came at last a little late, but none the less welcomed for he placed the coveted document in De Briese's hand.

"This opens the bastille's iron doors to Jean Haliase, and secures to me the whitest hand in Paris."

The cunning lover was triumphant, and as the first streaks of dawn were flashing over Paris Jean Haliase was placed under arrest and thrust from De Briese's path.

So much for one *lettre de cachet*.

The arrest did not cause much excitement, for such affairs were too common to excite comment, and the unfortunate lover found himself securely imprisoned in the bastille. He knew that some enemy was at work, and gnashed his teeth when he thought of the name of Marmon de Briese.

"This is your work, cunning villain. I wish I could cross swords with you."

He sent his case to the king, but Louis was buried too deeply in debauchery to think of a prisoner in the bastille. He tore the letter into fragments and sent the petitioner word that "stone walls were a good cure for hot heads."

The king never inquired into the cause of an arrest, and he was not going to depart from his established custom for the sake of such an obscure man as Jean Haliase.

"How progresses your suit with the charming Adele, Marmon?" the Duke of Velay asked him, his young friend after the arrest and imprisonment of the rival.

"Swimmingly, my dear Duke," was the reply, and the dark eyes of De Briese flashed with triumph. "The caged bird frets and petitions the king, and the king reads the petitions to his companions in debauchery. The young lark does not know how to mourn. The young lark does not make an admirable court fool, while Adele is smiling on Marmon de Briese, who has slipped a ring over her finger."

"Indeed! so soon, my boy?"

"Courtships should not be years, my dear Duke. It is well that the queen knows nothing of this affair of mine. I understand that she has inquired after me within the past fortnight, and not in very good humor either."

"A quick courtship then, Marmon. Lettres de cachet are still fashionable."

The young nobleman grew slightly pale, and drew nearer to the Duke.

"It takes place to-morrow evening at nine," he whispered. "The priest, a witness, her father—that is all. At ten a carriage. Madrid."

The master of Velay understood the crisp sentences.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You are a match for the Polish woman."

"And for Monsieur Haliase!" said De Briese, with a meaning smile. "I defy the queen to discover my plans. Nobody suspects anything. The *lettre de cachet*, my noble Duke, is making me happy."

The young nobleman and his friend were drinking to the success of their tricks when a young woman appeared at the Tuileries, and requested an audience with the queen.

Maria Leczenski was unengaged at the moment, and the person was admitted into her presence. It was near midnight and the queen's eyes were heavy; but they flashed at the wonderful beauty of her visitor.

"Well!" said the queen, regarding the girl with admiration.

"I pray that your majesty grant me a *lettre de cachet*," was the reply which startled the queen.

"They belong to the state," was her cautious rejoinder. "In the hands of indiscreet persons they are productive of harm. We cannot grant you one."

The countenance of the queen's visitor fell.

"What do you want with a *lettre de cachet*?" asked Maria Leczenski, coming forward.

"Revenge!" the girl cried. "I come here boldly and face the queen who has sold the infamous documents. I declare that they have not been refused by royalty itself to men who would deluge the scaffold with innocent blood. Maria Leczenski, the queen, has broken the best hearts in France by her sale of *lettres de cachet*. She has torn husband from wife, father from children, and separated lovers."

"Beware!" cried the queen, touching a bell. "You are in the royal palace. I am the queen!"

"But not more a woman than myself!" was the girl's reply, as she drew a tiny dagger from her bosom.

"Do not start, Maria Leczenski!" she said. "This dagger shall not be stained with royal blood. Without the document which I seek to-night I would be hauled in my revenge. Give it to me or to my heart—in the royal palace—I will drive this dagger."

The queen stood like one petrified with horror in the center of the gorgeous chamber. She saw the dagger lifted on high and caught determination in her visitor's eyes.

"Stay!" she cried, putting forth her jeweled hands. "For whom is intended the *lettre de cachet*?"

The girl hesitated.

"My queen need not know," she said at length. "I will fill it out. Maria Leczenski will never wish to recall it."

"You shall have it!" said the queen, going to a table from which she took one of the all-potent documents. "I admire your daring. The time is coming when these infamous *lettres* will no longer curse this country. Remember that whoever you send to prison shall not be released until you command it. What is your name, fair lady?"

The girl put up the dagger and timidly approached the queen.

"Adele Dumarte."

A flash of intelligence lit up the sovereign's face.

"Ah! yes!" she exclaimed. "Your lover is imprisoned in the bastille. Do you not seek his release?"

"My wedding takes place to-morrow evening at nine—at least the bridegroom is to greet me then."

"Not unless the prison gives up its inmate," she said.

"Ay," smiled the girl. "One lover in prison, another at large!"

The musical laugh of the Polish woman greeted the girl's witty reply, and a minute later the little figure was entering a carriage just beyond the palace gate.

The postilion whipped up the horses and over the narrow streets the cumbersome vehicle flew. Adele Dumarte, laughing with joy, pressed the *lettre de cachet* to her heart.

The stately home of the Dumarte family in the Rue Montmartre did not exhibit any signs of animation to pedestrians on the following night. The heavy shutters had been tightly drawn, and a silence that seemed ominous hung over the mansion.

But it was not deserted. One of the most stirring love dramas of France was approaching its denouement within its walls.

Adele glided from room to room with elastic step. She looked like a person about to achieve a triumph greater than the one over the queen of France. Her father sat in the corner of the lofty, brilliantly lighted room, conversing with the Parisian lover, Marmon de Briese. The old count watched his daughter narrowly.

All at once he caught a signal from Adele—a gentle lifting of her snowy hand, and the priest entered the room. De Briese caught sight of his bright rose, while Adele came forward with something in her hand.

He glanced at it, turned pale, and threw a furtive look around the room.

Adele was holding forth a *lettre de cachet*.

De Briese's hand dropped upon the hilt of his sword as he started back, pale and excited.

"Traitor!" he cried to the girl. "I will not accept the document! In your own house I'll dye my sword in Dumarte blood before—"

Adele's petite slipper struck the floor, the great doors unfolded, and the cunning lover saw six gentlemen with muskets leveled at his breast.

Of course he submitted, and the plans of Adele Dumarte triumphed. His *lettre de cachet* sent him to the bastille, whose doors opened to release the man whom Adele sincerely loved—Jean Haliase. After their nuptials Adele secured De Briese's release, and Maria Leczenski banished him.

The outrageous *lettres de cachet* were abolished in 1790, and France rejoiced from border to border.

## Nobody's Boy:

OR,

## THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

## CHAPTER IX.

NICODEMUS TO THE RESCUE.

COLONEL GREEN was dazed for an instant by the suddenness of Pete's movement, and the violence with which the door had been flung open in his face.

The boy could easily have escaped during the confusion of his enemy, but escape was remote from his thoughts. It would have been to abandon Minnie Ellis to her foe, and Pete was too brave and daring by nature to consider his personal safety in such a case.

Instead, therefore, of making for the open stairway that lay at the end of the short passage, which to attack his dangerous enemy.

There was nothing in sight, however, and Pete, with fierce thoughts, put his hand in his pocket for a large clasp-knife which he carried there.

Ere he could draw it the colonel was upon him, and had grasped him with both hands by the collar. The athletic man lifted the squirming lad as if he had been of no weight, and carried him toward the head of the stairs.

"I'll settle for you, you little imp," he said, with a fierce, hissing intonation.

Pete made no reply, but setting his teeth hard he clasped the colonel by the throat with both hands, and twisted himself like a snake round the body of his foe.

The contortions of the boy's limbs tripped up his burly antagonist, and down the two went at the very head of the stairs.

Colonel Green tried to recover himself, but Pete writhed viciously round him; he lost his balance, and man and boy, twined closely together, rolled down the steep stairs.

Over and over they went, bumping and thumping from step to step, the man getting the worst of the bargain from the closeness with which his little antagonist clung to him.

Bruised and bleeding, they reached the bottom with a thump that forced them asunder, flinging the boy five feet from his foe.

"For mercy's sake, whatever is the matter?" cried Mrs. Jones, rushing into the passage where they lay.

"I'll show this young hound what's the matter!" roared the colonel, rising angrily to his feet.

"You can't do it, kernal. I'm your boss for a pickled possum," cried Pete, springing up and grasping a heavy cane, which the colonel himself had left in the passage.

With a fierce oath the latter sprung toward him, catching a heavy blow from Pete on his arm as he did so.

Wrenching the cane from the boy, he grasped him by the throat with suffocating force, and dragged him into the adjoining room.

"Now, you cub of a wild-cat, I'll settle your hash for you," yelled the infuriated man, raising the heavy cane, while a murderous light shone in his eyes.

Mrs. Jones screamed and ran toward them.

"Back, woman, blast you!" cried the colonel, furiously. "Do you want a settler yourself?"

At that moment a loud bark sounded outside the cabin.

Pete made a quick movement of recognition, and, choked as he had been, found breath to give vent to a sickly whistle.

The next instant the cane of Colonel Green descended viciously, with a blow that might have been deadly only that Pete squirmed quickly aside. The heavy weapon struck the colonel himself on the leg with no light force.

Another fierce curse broke from the lips of the infuriated man. His muscular fingers closed more strongly about Pete's throat. He lifted the cane again with murderous intent.

At that instant the half-closed door was flung violently open, and a small animal bounded into the room.

It was Nicodemus, Pete's faithful dog. With a single look the intelligent animal took in the whole situation, and the danger of his master. Colonel Green, hardly noticing the animal, was about to repeat his blow. But at the moment the cane was lifted the teeth of the vicious dog buried themselves in his calf.

With a quick cry of pain he released the boy and turned to the assault of this new foe, kicking and cursing vigorously as he tried to get rid of his savage antagonist, who hung on with fierce tenacity.

The blow intended for the master fell with spiteful force on the dog, who rolled howling over on the floor.

The fiercest passions of the man were now aroused. He grasped the cane with both hands, and glared round the room. Nicodemus still lay howling on the floor. Pete crouched in a corner, not yet recovered from the terrible choking he had received. Mrs. Jones had fallen upon a chair, her face full of terror and dismay.

In the doorway stood still another person, a man who seemed to have followed the dog into the house. He was a stout, determined-looking man. In his right hand he held a pistol, cocked and presented.

In the passage behind him stood the small figure of Minnie Ellis, her blue eyes wide open in wonder and dread. She had escaped through the open door of her prison.

Pete recognized the new-comer at a glance as the policeman who so lately had arrested him.

"Now your goose is cooked, kernal," he said, feelingly, as he held all his old vim. "Tain't boys and babies you've got to play with now."

"So, it seems I am just in time to prevent murder," said the officer, severely, advancing a few steps into the room.

"Who are you?" cried the colonel, his fingers clamped savagely around his weapon. "What brings you here?"

"I am a policeman of the city of Toledo," said the officer. "It is my purpose to arrest you as the abductor of Minnie Ellis, and to shoot you if you attempt to escape."

His finger was at the trigger of the pistol. The look on his face showed that he meant all he said.

The villain glared with a wild, desperate glance round the room, with something of the look of a wild beast at bay.

"Bless your soul," he said, in the form of Pity, who was looking at him with an expression of open triumph.

"Drop that stick, kernal, and give in," said the boy. "You're sold out, and might as well cave. Tain't no use kicking. Don't you see that marked man is coming at you?"

"That for the Barker!" cried the desperate man, springing suddenly forward, and with a quick, upward blow of his stick knocking the pistol from the hands of the officer.

The weapon was discharged as it fell, the ball whizzing past the ears of Pete.

The officer stepped back from this sudden assault, his fingers tingling with pain from the blow they had received.

Colonel Green lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him. A single spring took him through the doorway, and he rushed desperately for the open air, followed by Nicodemus, who had just regained his lost assurance.

Seizing his pistol the officer rushed out after him.

Pete, too, was following, but the face of Minnie in the passage-way brought him to a sudden halt.

She was pressed up closely against the wall, her face pallid with fear, her hands extended as if to ward off danger.

"Why," cried Pete, "Don't be scared, gal. Nobody ain't a-goin' to hurt you. That catamount has made tracks, but it's my notion that he'll be brung up with a half-hitch. It ain't no slouch, the feller that's after him."

Was anybody else? Pete asked the startled Minnie, as he heard the pistol go off.

"Well, it kinder scared my ear," said Pete, feeling his organ of hearing. "Ain't no blood, though. Reckon I'm all sound."

"Oh, Pete, you were not shot!" cried Minnie, in terror.

"Well, didn't I just say I weren't? Ain't no use gettin' scared about it. I'm good for a dozen of the same sort, yet."

"Take me out of this dreadful place, won't you, Pete?" she half-whispered. "There's the woman in that room. I am so much afraid of her."

"Ain't got nothing to be afraid of while I'm along," said Pete, drawing his form up proudly. "Bet the kernal don't get you back—Hal-lo! what's up now?"

This exclamation was caused by another pistol report, outside the house. Taking Minnie by the hand, Pete hurried out.

There was a striking scene in view as they reached the open air. The river, as we have said, ran close by the house, just beyond the clump of bushes that had sprung up round the old log of the water.

It was not properly the river that lay before them, however, for the clearing had been made just above the mouth of the Maumee, and the broad reach of water, dotted over with coming and departing vessels, that lay spread before them was Lake Erie.

Near at hand was a scene of more vital excitement. About one hundred feet from the bank of the river floated a boat, of which Colonel Green was just setting the sail. The white sheet had already caught the wind, and the light craft was beginning to feel its force and glide through the water.

Near the center of the stream a small, gracefully-built sloop was moving up the Maumee toward the city.

On the bank stood the baffled officer, having just fired at the fugitive the sole remaining load of his pistol.

Colonel Green had seized the sail-boat which Pete had noticed tied to the bank, and had thus escaped his pursuer.

"The fellow threw me off the track by pretending to fly to the woods," said the latter to Pete.

"I chased him through the bushes yonder. But the cunning reprobate doubled on me, and was aboard the boat before I could get out of the woods again. I am afraid he has escaped us for the present."

Pete stood looking after the boat with fixed, resolute face.

Minnie was daintily brushing off her fingertips, with a dissatisfied expression of face.

"What are you doin' that fur?" asked Pete. She made no reply. He looked at his own hands, and saw, with a sense of shame, that his grasp had soiled her soft, white fingers.

## CHAPTER X.

## A STERN CHASE.

THE colonel's sail, now fully set, was filled with the light breeze, and the sharply-built boat began to cut swiftly through the water, under the guidance of her helm.

The disappointed pursuers looked with angry gaze after the light craft which was bearing from them so dangerous a foe.

And is this indeed Minnie Ellis?" asked the officer, gazing with an interested glance into the fair face of the young girl beside him. "So far I have only guessed at it."

"That is my name, sir," she replied. "I am ever so thankful to you. It was terrible for you to attack that man. It makes me tremble to think of it."

"He is a desperate villain, indeed," was the reply.

"What gets me," said Pete, "is how you bounced in just about the time I was ready to sneal. I kin tell how Nicodemus smells me on. I left the dog at home, but it ain't in anybody's boots to fling that dorg. But you ain't got Nick's smelli'n' arrangement."

"The dog followed you, and I followed the dog," said the officer.

"Same as I follered the kernal. Well, it's a queer business, anyhow. You must have spect'ed me."

"I did suspect you, ever since the day you were arrested. I am sorry to have wronged you, but it is just as well for you, considering how things have turned out."

"Jist, as well, and a little bit better," said Pete. "It were gettin' to be a narrer squeak and no mistake. It's blasted hard to see that cove sailin' away there and we standin' here like so many mice."

"Let him go," spoke the soft voice of Minnie. "I do not think he will try to do me any more harm."

"He is good for a rope if he comes inside of Toledo," said the officer. "I knew the man was a villain."

"Can't we chase him somehow?" said Pete. "I could only make the fellers aboard the sloop hear me."

As he spoke, the sloop, which was now nearly opposite them, shifted its helm and stood across toward their side of the river. She was soon within a hundred yards of them, standing up-stream.

"Aho! the sloop!" screamed Pete, at the top of his voice.

"Aho, there! what's up?" answered a man, who was looking curiously over the side.

"About ship and take us aboard. There's a better cargo for you in the bay than you'll find in Toledo."

"I heard a pistol-shot," said the man. "What's loose?"

"We have rescued Minnie Ellis, the stolen child," said the officer. "There goes the child-stealer."

By the blue blazes!" cried the man, in sudden excitement. "Bring her round!" he cried to the helmsman. "Into the boat there, some of you. Is that the child?"

"Yes," replied the officer.

"I'll take you aboard, then, and if my lively craft don't run down that fellow there's no virtue in canvas."

The boat now appeared round the sloop's side, propelled by one rower, whose athletic arms sent it rapidly through the water.

"Bless your soul," said Pete, as it approached. "This man and me has got bizness in the wake of that pirate, and we ain't got no notion of leavin' you here."

"No, no," she cried. "I wouldn't for the world be left alone with that woman. I am dreadfully afraid of her."

"Bless your soul," said Pete. "Seems to me though we ought to grab the old lady," he said to the officer. "She might knock somethin' handy."

The officer at once took the suggestion and started for the cabin. He was too late. It was empty. Mrs. Jones had taken the alarm and fled.

"Quick there!" cried the hasty tones of the captain of the sloop. "He is making headway. We have no time to waste."

No second invitation was needed. A minute more they were all on board the boat and being rowed swiftly out to the larger vessel.

The captain stood at the low gunwale as the boat touched her side.

"Lift her up here," he called to the policeman.

Minnie shrank back from his hoarse tones and bearded face.

"Lord love you, child, you're not afraid of me, I hope," he said, rough kindness beaming from his eyes. "I've got just such another as you at home, and I would go through fire and water for her; or you either."

She no longer hesitated, but suffered herself to be handed up to the strong grasp of the captain, who deposited her lightly on the deck.

Pete was already on board, having sprung like a cat over the side of the vessel.

In another minute the other occupants of the boat were on board, the boat secured, and the vessel making way through the water.

The chase had gained considerable start during these evolutions, and was now some hundred yards in advance, standing up the western side of the bay.

"Bet heavy that I run him down," said the captain, as the sail over their heads took the wind, and the sloop moved forward with increasing speed. "He's got a good skiff, but the little Mary Jane is something on a light breeze."

"Who is Mary Jane?" asked Minnie, in surprise, looking round for the person in question.

The sailor laughed loud and long.

"Bless you, gal, it's the vessel you're on. She's a tight craft, I tell you, and I call her after my good wife at home."

It was now near twelve o'clock of a fine May morning. The sun stood directly overhead and poured his beams brilliantly down upon the water.

and I'll make my toes twinkle after you. And just you mind this one thing. Little boys and little dogs oughtn't never to speak afore they're spoke to."

Pete had spent some time in this confab with the dog, but he was not without his object in this delay.

He knew well that it would be perilous for him to meet Colonel Green in the forest. The desperate man would think little of sacrificing his life.

By holding back, and letting him reach the open country, Pete calculated to be able to call some farmer or villager to his aid, and by giving the hue and cry, to turn down the fugitive before he could gain much the start.

The dog had been trained to scent game in the woods, but this was the first time he had been on the track of any human being, except his master.

He followed the scent, however, with seeming ease, leading Pete at a rapid walk through the leafy aisles of the thick forest.

"Go it, old dog," cried Pete, with enthusiasm. "You're the animal for my money. Tain't a possum you're after now, Nick, but it's a catamount on two legs. Don't you be forgettin' your reputation, dog. Don't let the old fox double on you."

Nicodemus seemed excited by his master's voice, and traced the scent more rapidly than before.

"It's jist like trailin' Injuns through 'he woods," said Pete, laughing. "If it ain't, I'll sell out. Never mind the bird, Nick. Tain't meadow-larks we're after now, but it's an old hawk. If you stop for coon or rabbit now I'll dispose of you, I will. Let out, little dog, and show your metal. There's the open fields, and we kin use our eyes as well as our noses."

The woodland had ended, and an open country spread out before them. It was cultivated to some extent, but lay largely in grass, herds of sheep and cattle browsing here and there.

This course of the creek was marked by a line of trees that ran to the left of his position. Numerous farmhouses were visible from where he stood, and about a mile distant he could see the white walls and brown roofs of a village.

The country was level, but its many small groves and isolated trees prevented any very extended view. At some distance before him ran a country lane, stretching southwesterly toward the village.

"Hello, Nick," cried Pete; "there's a little fellow crawling along that road, that might be a six-footer if he was only here. He's creepin', too, 'bout as fast as two legs kin let out. I'll bet a b'iled tater it's the kurnel, and he's makin' for Woodville like greased lightning! a telegraph wire. Make up your mind, Nick. He's got the butt-end of a mile the start on us, and the railroad cuts through that town."

The boy and the dog emulated each other in the speed with which they ran across the fields. Pete went over the fences at a flying leap while Nicodemus shied under them. There were no obstacle to them, and hedges were passed with a pause.

Yet, ere they had advanced a quarter of a mile, a shrill sound struck Pete's ear with ominous meaning.

"I'll be fiddled to death if there ain't a train comin'," he ejaculated, "and the cute skunk will catch it."

A brook, eight feet from bank to bank, cut the field before him.

Pete, doubled up like a ball, went over it at full run. Nicodemus was at his heels ere he had taken ten steps beyond.

"Lay out, Nick! Lay out!" yelled Pete, with what breath he had left. "We're runnin' a race with the Injuns. If you don't beat it I'll sell you. Lay out, little animal!"

Their progress was very rapid, but the long line of smoke to the left was approaching with alarming speed.

In an instant more the thunder of the wheels on the bridge that crossed the creek was heard, and the iron front of the locomotive broke into view through the line of trees that bordered the stream.

The pursuers had now struck the road and were able to advance even more rapidly. But there was yet nearly half a mile before them, and the roaring and rattling train was flying forward.

It rolled up into the village, coming to a quick stop at the station which lay full within Pete's vision.

The boy strained his muscles to their uttermost and ran on faster than he had ever run before.

He was within two minutes' run of the depot when the iron horse slowly emerged from behind the building, and passed with a stately motion before his eyes, gathering speed with every revolution of the wheels.

Pete ran on, hoping to be able to gain the hindmost car. But, as at our camp, he was hindered by his excessive exertion. Nicodemus halted beside him, violently panting.

"Well, that's a narrow squeeze," said a man on the platform. "The boy ought to have caught the train, the way he ran for it. Never mind, my lad, there will be another in a couple of hours."

Pete rose to his feet gesticulating violently. He was too short of breath to speak, and this was the only way he could give vent to his excited feelings. A couple of hours! It might as well have been a couple of years.

The men on the platform laughed at his movements. This added anger to his excitement, and it was some five minutes before he could gather breath and composure to speak.

The train was already beyond sight and hearing in the distance.

"Don't tell you?" he screamed out, at length. "Don't I tell you he's aboard that train? And you all standin' here like stones."

He seemed to imagine that he had been expressing his feelings in words.

"Who is aboard the train?" asked the man who had spoken.

"Why, he is, the blasted, thunderin' rascal! Ain't none of you goin' to do nothin'?" After I've run a mile, too?"

"Have you lost your senses, boy?" said another man. "Who are you talking about?"

"Why, the kurnel! Kurnel Green, ain't I tellin' you? If I'd cotched that train wouldn't I have settled him?"

"Colonel Green? I know him. What do you want with Colonel Green?"

"Ain't he aboard that train?"

"Yes. He got on at the station here."

"I knowed it! I knowed it! He's got to be cotched. Ain't there a telegraph here? We've got to send thunder and lightning after him."

"Blame your thick wits!" cried the man, catching Pete by the shoulder and shaking him roughly. "What ails you, anyhow? What's the matter with Colonel Green?"

A low, savage bark at his heels from Nicodemus forced him to relinquish his hold of the boy's shoulder.

The shake had done Pete good, however. His scattered senses returned to him, and he saw how wildly he had been acting in his excitement.

"Well, I'm blamed if this ain't gay!" he said. "Lost my brains for a minute, but Picayune Pete's hisself ag'in. If you're in Toledo an hour from now you'll know what the kurnel's done."

"We will know now if you are able to tell us," said the man.

"You all know 'bout Mimie Ellis bein' stole, and how there's five thousand on the head of the thief."

"Yes! yes!" cried a half-dozen voices, in sudden excitement.

"There he goes, in that train; slipped through your fingers like a greased eel. Blast him, if I'd only cotched him!"

"Colonel Green?" was eagerly asked.

"That's your boss, for a pile of pumpkins. I tell you the gal's found, and I'm the coon that done it. Where's the telegraph? Send word on to grab him at the next station."

"There's no telegraph here," said one of the station hands. "Can't send a message short of Toledo."

"How soon will a train be along up the road?" asked the first speaker.

"In fifteen minutes."

"Then the dog and the dog are two deadheads to Toledo, sure," said Pete.

The time of waiting for the train was spent by Pete in detailing his adventures to a small circle of eager listeners.

It rattled up to the station on time, and he and the dog, with nearly all present, got on board, and were borne swiftly off toward the city.

At almost the same minute the sloop, Mary Jane, sailed gracefully up to her wharf in the city, decorated with a dozen flags, which the captain had somewhere hunted up.

The throng along the wharves looked with surprise on this unwonted display. In ten minutes more the surprise was exchanged to an excitement that ran like wildfire through the city. (To be continued—commenced in No. 355.)

## MY SYMPTOMS.

BY CHAS. MORRIS.

When my Maria heaves in sight  
There comes at once the queerest feeling,  
A sort of second-hand delight  
Across my toes and fingers stealing;  
My heart, unbidden, jumps up and down,  
A pit-a-paty sort of motion;  
I feel just like a duck in brown,  
And what it is I've not a notion.

You've felt it all, I should suppose;  
Across your eyes a dimness coming,  
A cold sweat running down your nose,  
And in your mouth a kind of humming;  
Your tongue forgets its part of speech,  
And drops into a feeble stutter;  
Ah! teach me, some good fellow, teach  
What puts my heart in such a flutter!

Her eyes are black as any slates,  
And bright—the stars themselves not brighter;  
Her lips confound the crimson rose,  
Her cheeks that water-lilies whiter;  
Her voice is full of tender tones,  
So musical, divine, elastic;  
I feel as if I were in love with her,  
That makes me so enthusiastic!

Will some one tell me what is loose  
Inside of my organization?  
I'm so inclined to play the goose  
To gain Maria's approbation.  
Her smile is like a kind of sun,  
Her frown is gloom unprecedented;  
I'm not for sale, but 'twould be fun  
If I to her could just be rented!

A diagnosis some one make,  
Recovering, I'll be glad to take,  
And pay you—with my benediction!  
I know it is some queer disease;  
I freeze, I quake, I burn with fire;  
Good doctor, give me, if you please,  
Something to cure me of—Maria.

## SURE-SHOT SETH.

## The Boy Rifleman.

OR,

## THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DAKOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKRACK," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.

WAS IT THE SHOT OF AN ASSASSIN?

A RIFLE-SHOT rung suddenly through the forest, starting Seth and Maggie with sudden fear. The report was followed by a groan, and that groan was the cry of a man in pain.

Had not a single doubt; for the look the young villain, Hawk-Eyes, gave him when he turned to leave, meant mischief.

"I am afraid," said Seth, "that they have murdered our man. For they quarreled with him, and he left them."

"If Hawk-Eyes is Ivan Le Clercq, as you say, he will not hesitate to do anything," replied Maggie. "Why are you afraid they have killed Abe Thorne?"

Seth briefly narrated all that he had heard at the camp-fire conference.

Scarcely had he concluded, ere a peculiar cry rung forth upon the air—a cry that sent a smile of recognition over his young face. Then, from behind the shadows of the woods, a man, a half a dozen answering cries, plain and distinct.

"Ah! my friends, the Boy Brigade, are near," said Seth.

A fierce, savage yell rung through the forest, then the sharp, ringing report of a rifle followed only to be succeeded by other shots fired in rapid succession.

The boy conspirators started to their feet, and, like so many frightened deer, bounded away into the woods; while Hawk-Eyes turned and crept through the shadows in the direction whence the sounds of conflict came.

"Maggie," said Seth, "my friends are near and engaged with the savages. You will be safe here for a while, and I will go to their assistance; but remember to you, soon. If we succeed in defeating the foe, our escape will be certain."

"Go, Seth, to your friends' assistance. I will await your return," said the brave little maiden.

Seth crept away through the woods, and soon came in sight of the combatants. He placed a whistle to his lips and blew a sharp blast upon it. Instantly, from different quarters, rose the answering cry of the Boy Brigade.

A savage yell answered the latter.

A deep hollow divided the foe, who were concealed in the timber that crowned the summits of the bluffs. But not a friend or foe could Seth see. He could see, however, a little cloud of smoke puff up from behind a tree, now and then, telling him where the combatants were.

He kept well under cover, he moved on toward his Brigade.

"Ho-ate thar!" suddenly exclaimed a voice overhead.

Seth looked up and saw Joyful Jim, the trader, perched upon a juniper tree. His head was bare, and across his forehead was a long wound or abrasion, from which a little rivulet of blood was running down each side of his face. The body of the tree screened him from Indian bullets.

"Why, Jim?" exclaimed Seth, "what are you doing up there?"

"Punchin' red-skins, Seth," was the laconic reply.

"It seems to me they've been striping your head."

"Yes, the 'tarnal sulphurians knocked the bark off my frontispiece, and sprung a leak in my system. Gallons of the best blood, unadulterated with cold water, have evaporated, but it'll soon return in a copious shower to replenish and fructify the earth."

"My old friend," said Seth, "a red-skin 'll get sight of you, first thing you know, and put a bullet through your system."

"I'll risk it, Seth; besides, I'm up here where I can see how the cat jumps and warn the boys. Oh, I tell ye, it's a fightin' sport. Seth—this Injun fightin'. I used to furnish the 'tarnal smoky-skinned sulphurians their spirits; now, by a little tapping process with powder and lead, I extract their spirits. Don't you perceive the difference with half an eye?"

"Do you know the force of the enemy?" asked Seth.

"Know nothin'; you can't count snakes that are in their holes. But I opine thar's quite a number of 'em—say half a million or less of the superhumanistic varmints."

"Are the boys all foot yet?"

"Yes; and perambulating red-skins over the Jordan at a lively rate. I tell ye, Seth, your Boy Brigade are a reg'lar set of young squackers on the shoot. But, looky here, whar's that gal?"

"Safe for the time being," answered Seth.

"Good," ejaculated Joyful Jim; then, having

capped his rifle, he began peering cautiously around the tree for a red-skin; but before he had the chance of a second shot, a fierce yell rose in the rear, starting both with a shudder of terror.

"Planked, by the New Jerusalem!" exclaimed old Jim, turning and glancing toward the horde swarming through the woods upon them.

Seth took to his heels, fleeing in the direction of his friends.

The savages on the opposite bluff charged from that direction.

Joyful Jim started down the tree, but he saw at a glance that he could not escape the foe, and so changed his notion and climbed higher among the branches in hopes the savages would not discover him.

Sure Shot Seth soon came to where his friend, the Yeasty, was, and together the two ran on toward the valley. Others of the Brigade fell in with them, and by the time they had gone fifty rods, the whole of the band, including Maggie Harris' father and Tom Grayson, had joined them.

The Indians, now to the number of nearly a hundred, were in pursuit of them. Sure Shot Seth led the way toward the precipitous bluff that overhung the head of the valley, and which he knew to be honeycombed with numerous caverns and subterranean passages where one might elude an enemy with ease.

To reach the mouth of one of those passages required but a few moments, and no sooner were they under cover than all turned and poured a deadly volley into the ranks of the advancing enemy. A number of the latter fell; but their death only served to madden their surviving friends, who, like demons, came on toward the cavern, determined on exterminating the band of whites.

That the savages were ignorant of the advantage of which their friends had availed themselves, was evident from the incautious manner in which they approached. The Brigade fell back a few paces from the entrance, and, facing about, waited until the foe came up, when from the dark mouth of the cave they poured a volley of withering volley. This caused the enemy to retreat with a full knowledge of the situation, and, for the time being, all relapsed into silence.

"Well, here we are cooped up like so many fowls," said Justin Gray, "and are likely to remain so for a while."

"Night let us out," said Hoosah, the Indian lad.

"Och! and it's meself knows what will let us out without a doubt," remarked Teddy O'Roop. "The 'tarnal critter came aloft on airy wing and floundered in the water, and I was right in the end of my nose; and afore half a second it had swelled up big as a unicorn's proboscis. I fired an awful savage malediction at that insect and went on down to the amusement of them redskins."

"I was nearly to the ground when I heard an awful buzzin' near my ears, and lookin' around, I see a hornet's nest about the size of a hay-cock hangin' among the branches, not two feet from me. A big hornet whiskered out of the nest just as I set eyes on it, and spat! it took me. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to a to be thrown palace and attacked 'em. I jumped to the ground and run into a thicket, and throwin' myself on the ground, eluded further persecution, though a million of 'em followed me, but I didn't care. I was so stung, I felt as if I was a million hornets by actual count, waitin' out to

the still placid waters of the bay. Upon the bosom of the latter rested a strange-looking craft, resembling the long, narrow roof of a house with gables. A door opened in its side, and a young man and a young girl, possibly not over eighteen years of age, were seen. The former sat with his face buried in his hands, apparently absorbed in deep reverie; while the maiden, with snowy fingers flashing over the strings of a Spanish harp, called forth those wild, weird strains of celestial music.

## CHAPTER XX.

## PALACE OF OLD NEPTUNE.

ENCANTED by the music and startled by the scene, Maggie Harris stood silent and motionless, listening to the one and studying the other. The player was a young and beautiful girl, possibly not over eighteen years of age. Her rare loveliness, her sylph-like form, her queenly grace, and air of high-born accomplishments contrasted strangely with the surrounding scene. Her eyes were of a soft brown, large and lustrous, and full of tenderness and love. She was robed in a gown of misty blue with white collar around the snowy neck. Her golden hair hung like silken floss down her back. A tiny, golden clasp at the throat, and a modest little rose in the hair were the only ornaments the fair creature wore. She sat near the old man, her very attitude, the poise of the head, and the manner in which she held her harp, all were positions of exquisite grace and ease.

The man was upward of sixty years of age, and in type and dress the personification of old Neptune. His face, his beard, his hair, and even his trident spear, bore a striking resemblance to those of the God of the Sea. His brow wore the contracted furrows of care and deep thought. By his side lay some mechanical contrivance, consisting of wheels, rods and shafts of copper; and by these sat a kit of tools, such as would only be used by a master mechanic.

The craft upon which these two mysterious people were seated was as odd as it was ingenious. It was about twenty feet long by ten in width, and sloped gradually from the water to a point like the comb of a house-roof, though it was plainly evident that some portion of its square was submerged. The whole was plated with galvanized sheet-iron which gave it a white, clouded color. On the top were four small tubes resembling chimneys, though it was not possible that all were used as such. Maggie regarded the strange sight with a keen interest, and with a speechless emotion. She had often heard of Lake Luster and the foreboding solitude that surrounded it; but never had she heard of these people, who had, from all appearances, dwelt there for some time. She scarcely knew whether to consider them friends or foes. There was something in the stern looks of the old man and the desolate repose that surrounded his habitation, that made her doubtful of his character. But, the fair and lovely creature at his side—innocence, womanly love and kindness were written upon every feature of her face; and in the strains that floated out from the harp came the accompaniment of a sweet and holy spirit.

While the fugitive maiden stood undecided as to the course she should pursue, the old man started up, seized his trident and thrust it into the water. A smile overspread his face—a smile that drove away all those hard lines and relieved the fears of Maggie Harris. As the old man drew back his spear, our heroine saw a large fish impaled upon it, struggling in the grasp of the terrible barbs.

Releasing the fish, and securing it from escape, the old man relaxed into silence, while the maiden continued at the harp. Five minutes, perhaps, had passed, when he again threw his spear and drew in a second fish. While he was releasing it, the maiden ceased playing, and, walking to the old man, said:

"Oh, what a nice fish! There! The two will be ample for you want for a day or two. The poor thing, how it struggles. It seems a pity to kill them, after having enticed them here by the enchantment of music."

"God has placed the beasts of the field, the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea at our command, and we have only to take them when our needs demand them. A slice of venison, or a roasted fowl, would be a welcome change at our table; but these are perilous times, and the report of a rifle might guide enemies to our retreat."

"Enemies? what enemies have we, father?" questioned the maiden.

"There's no telling; the savages will doubtless regard all whites who do not join their ranks as enemies; and, if so, we will be in danger, for I will never bear arms against my countrymen."

"Why not observe a strict neutrality, father?"

"This would be impossible with the red-skins. They have no knowledge, in their savage ignorance, of civilized warfare; and we could not convince them that, as neutrals, we had any rights they were bound to respect."

"Why not quit Lake Luster till peace is restored, father?"

"I could not think of it, Vishnia; especially, while upon the eve of success in my war, and that must give me fame and wealth through all ages to come."

"But, father, if there is a war between the North and South, the sale of your self-propelling, self-acting torpedo may give you both fame and wealth. Now would be a good time to introduce your invention."

"Not very, daughter. The war between the North and South will not be a naval war. We will be principally on land," the old man replied.

"At any rate, why waste more of your life over a project that you may never achieve, and which has ruined the life and mind of many a wise genius?"

Maggie heard all this conversation, and was not a little surprised. She saw that the old man had secluded himself there to work out in secret the completion of some grand scheme, and before, on the part of wise men, for the furtherance of science. But, such great sacrifice had been uncalculated for, and was usually attended with an overwrought imagination. In the subdued light of the old man's eyes, his hair, and the snowy temples, she could see the presence of a partially-clouded mind. His conversation revealed this, and Maggie had resolved not to intrude upon the privacy of his beloved schemes, and was about to turn away when she heard a rustle in the shrubbery to her right. Turning her eyes, she beheld a clump of bushes carefully parted, and a painted savage face appear in the opening.

A cry rose to her lips, and like a deer she darted from her concealment and ran toward the water. She had gone but a few paces, however, when the savage overtook her. He grasped her by the arm and arrested her flight; then he lifted her in his arms, and brawny arms and turned to flee. But, before he had taken a dozen steps, something struck him in the back with a dull thud. A gasp escaped his lips, and he fell. The savage quivered running through his whole form, he sunk heavily to the earth, falling across the unconscious form of Maggie.

A massive footstep approached from the lake, and the tall form of the mysterious old man of Lake Luster stood by the side of the dead warrior and the helpless maiden. Stopping, he seized the savage's form and hurled him aside, then from the body he withdrew his barbed spear, lifted Maggie in his strong arms and carried her aboard his boat. Scarcely had he done so when a fierce, savage yell burst upon the air, and a score of savages rushed from the woods to revenge their fallen comrade; but, before they could reach the water's edge, the boat was put in motion by some invisible means.

The savages fired at the craft, but their bullets glanced from the metal covering of the structure like hail from a stone wall, and in a few moments more, it was even beyond rifle-range, out upon the bosom of Lake Luster.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 353.)

## THE FROZEN RAIN.

BY M. A. WARNER.

What magic scene is this that greets my raptur'd vision,  
Have the angels left their homes and come to bless us for a day?  
Have they brought these robes of beauty, from their bright and fair Elysian,  
To make glad the hearts of mortals, and to cheer them on the way?

See the trees, all decked in jewels, like unnumbered tapers lighted,  
Gleam like rubies, opals, diamonds, in the clear and frosty air!  
Every shrub is clothed in beauty, nor have meanest weeds been slighted,  
But all alike shine forth, in radiance rich and rare.

Would that I could read the lesson shadowed forth in all this whiteness—  
Read a lesson, that, if true, would fill all hearts with untold bliss,  
That we each and every one at last should share a home of brightness,  
And forget all sins and sorrow that had troubled us in this.

Oh, my Father! may I trust that Thy care for erring mortals,  
In love hath sent a lesson, thus for human hearts to think;  
Shall we each and every one at last, pass through the golden portals,  
And form one glorious chain, without a missing link?

## Adrift on the Prairie:

OR,  
THE ADVENTURES OF FUR YOUNG N' MRODS.

BY OLL COOMES.

X.—A GRAND SPECTACLE—OUR RETURN TO SWAN LAKE.

ONE can but faintly imagine our feelings when started from a sweet, pleasant slumber by Uncle Lige's excited words informing us that we were to have discovered the fire on our lives were endangered. He was afraid of prairie fire, and it was to guard against this danger that he had made him so anxious to keep watch; and yet he had let the seductive goddess Sleep woo him from his vigils while his worst fears were being realized. This he frankly admitted without fear.

We knew the minute we saw the situation that Uncle Lige had been sleeping on his post, else he would have discovered the fire ere our lives were endangered. He was afraid of prairie fire, and it was to guard against this danger that he had made him so anxious to keep watch; and yet he had let the seductive goddess Sleep woo him from his vigils while his worst fears were being realized. This he frankly admitted without fear.

"But how come the plain and swamps on fire?" we questioned, feeling not a little mystified that the fire should be all around us, instead of being upon a side.

"It's been them infernal Indians, I expect; and they've fixed it all around in hopes of gittin' the game inside already roasted. It's one of their ornery tricks to kill game by fire—burn it to death. They're too lazy to hunt and shoot it. But, boys, we must try to save our lives."

"What can we do?" was the question that passed from lip to lip. There was such a fascinating horror in the awful scene that we could not turn our eyes from it. A continuous roar that seemed to tremble through the night like the jarring sound of distant thunder smote our ears. The flames, feeding upon the dry reeds in the swamps, shot heavenward like monstrous serpent tongues, licking and lapping at the clouds. The blue sky and its starry hosts were blotted from view by the dense, black smoke. A dome of awful darkness hung over us, a wall of livid flames surrounded us, and the scene was lit with a ghastly, lurid light that rendered our faces wan and ghastly. Jim's black mustache and imperial stood out in bold relief against a full, round face of snowy whiteness. Bob's brown beard and bronzed face looked hoary and wild; while George's black eyes looked transfixed by momentary fear. Our horses pricked up their ears and snorted uneasily. Uncle Lige's cattle bellowed with fright as they glared, with glassy eyes and white, ghostly horns, around them. And Ben, cowering under the wagon, lent an additional terror to the scene by a mournful, quivering howl.

"Boys! Boys!" called Uncle Lige, "come, come, we must get to work!" His words broke the spell that bound us, and we at once realized that if we would save ourselves, we must be doing so as quickly as possible. We hurried forward to find out what was the trouble, but the mate angrily ordered them to their stations.

It was a terrible moment for us. The sound grew louder, but no ship appeared. Suddenly, a vivid flash shone across our bows and revealed the spars and hull of a large, heavy ship.

She was steering west and almost under our bows. We were going in knots, and it seemed impossible to help colliding. Sharp up your yards! Down, hard down your helm, there, hard down!" Work with a will, men—My God—in with those braces, brace her sharp up. Down your helm quartermaster, hard down," the mate yelled in a stentorian voice.

The lightning came again; a cry of horror;—the ships were close together.

In a moment more we felt a terrible shock; there was a heavy strain—a crash—a grating noise, and a flash of lightning. By it we perceived the stranger upon our quarter.

Her main yard-arm had carried away our main top-gallant backstay.

She was soon out of sight, although flash after flash illumined the water and sky.

Many an unused and fervent prayer ascended to heaven that awful night.

This little poem comes to us as the companion of a grand and glorious scene, and is only charming in sentiment, but is charmingly poetical. The author evidently possesses the poet's precious heritage.

## SEEKING.

BY EUDORA MAY STONE.

I seek for violets, far and near;  
The tall trees whisper to me,  
I hunch my lowly path, and here  
The dainty darlings droop beside me.

Through all the world I seek, and ask  
That fate and fortune may elate me.  
I turn me to my lowly task,  
And there does happiness await me.

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## THE LEAGUE CONVENTION.

THE association of the most wealthy of the stock-holding professional clubs, known as the National League of Professional Clubs, held their first annual convention on Dec. 7th, at the Kennard House, Cleveland, and the event proved to be one of special interest to the League clubs, and, in fact, to all the professional organizations to a certain extent. The experience of the past season plainly pointed out to the League that some of the legislation of their inaugural session was not calculated to be of advantage to them, and in one instance they have profited by the lesson the past season taught them, this being in the case of the abrogation of the rule admitting of the engagement of players during an existing season for an ensuing season's work. But they have failed to perceive the pecuniary loss involved in the retention of the fifty-cent tariff, and they have also failed to realize the importance and advantage of so amending their rules governing the membership of their association as to open its doors to every professional club which desires the protection the League affords to clubs in holding players to their con-

waste of prairie that stripped the landscape of its romantic beauty. The Hell and Purgatory were shorn of their wilderness of reeds. Their waters were discolored with black ashes, and studded with the black, burned stumps of the reeds.

Deer hunting was at an end here now, and so, harnessing up, we began retracing our footsteps toward Swan Lake. When some twenty miles from it, we crossed the trail of the fire, and once more entered the brown, grassy plain. Here we felt more at ease, and that spirit of desolation that pervaded our breasts, while upon the burned district, was entirely banished.

We had no hopes, however, of sighting game short of the lake, and were thinking nothing on that subject, when we were suddenly brought to a halt by the appearance of Uncle Lige, who, in a quick, excited tone, directed our attention to the crest of a bold eminence on the plain a mile or two west of us.

## A Narrow Escape.

BY YAM.

THE morning of the 7th of July was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen at the sea. The sun arose bright and clear, and the fresh, cool, pure air swept mildly across the decks and played idly with the ropes and sails.

Upon going to my cabin I perceived Captain D. examining the glass with much earnestness, and a look of anxiety upon his swarthy, sun-burned face.

"How does the barometer stand, captain?" "Twenty-eight," he replied, hurriedly.

"Twenty-eight! Why, the mercury stood at thirty this morning."

"We shall have lightning and wind before very long," said Captain D. taking a seat. By three o'clock we were becalmed; not a capful of wind was stirring, and a sense of suffocation troubled me.

The ocean was as smooth as a piece of ice; no ripple or wave disturbed its serenity. And so it continued until five o'clock. The vessel had no steering-way upon her.

By half-past five the skies were overcast to the north and eastward by heavy banks of dark clouds, denser and more gloomy on account of the previous brightness and the present nearness of the rain.

Nothing could be heard but the creaking of blocks or flapping of sails.

A strange, weird gloom settled upon the water, growing blacker and denser each moment. And yet there was no wind, no motion to the water or vessel.

The gloom and silence were ominous; it affected all hands and produced a very uncomfortable feeling in officers and men.

Sail was shortened and preparation made for a "nasty night."

Enough sail was, however, left to keep her steady and head to wind when it came.

I was determined to remain on deck and witness the sublimity of a storm at sea.

The rain pounced down in torrents, and I hastily donned an oil-skin suit.

Suddenly a vivid flash shone across our bows and revealed the spars and hull of a large, heavy ship.

She was steering west and almost under our bows. We were going in knots, and it seemed impossible to help colliding. Sharp up your yards! Down, hard down your helm, there, hard down!" Work with a will, men—My God—in with those braces, brace her sharp up. Down your helm quartermaster, hard down," the mate yelled in a stentorian voice.

The lightning came again; a cry of horror;—the ships were close together.

In a moment more we felt a terrible shock; there was a heavy strain—a crash—a grating noise, and a flash of lightning. By it we perceived the stranger upon our quarter.

Her main yard-arm had carried away our main top-gallant backstay.

She was soon out of sight, although flash after flash illumined the water and sky.

Many an unused and fervent prayer ascended to heaven that awful night.

This little poem comes to us as the companion of a grand and glorious scene, and is only charming in sentiment, but is charmingly poetical. The author evidently possesses the poet's precious heritage.

I seek for violets, far and near;  
The tall trees whisper to me,  
I hunch my lowly path, and here  
The dainty darlings droop beside me.

Through all the world I seek, and ask  
That fate and fortune may elate me.  
I turn me to my lowly task,  
And there does happiness await me.

tracts and in preventing "crooked" work and "revolving."

The event of the Cleveland session was the expulsion of the Athletic and Mutual clubs from the Association. Expelling a club is the most severe penalty known to the League constitution. Its enforcement is called for whenever a club is found guilty of fraudulent play. In the case of these clubs, however, their violation of the League rules may be said to have been of a venial character, their fault being simply a failure to play a little over a fourth part of the quota of games assigned them; in other words, the two clubs had each to play seventy old games, and instead were only enabled to play in one case fifty-nine and in the other fifty-six. It appears from the record of the proceedings—sent us by Mr. McMahon, of the Chicago Tribune, the only reporter allowed in the convention—that there was an incentive for the extreme action taken in the case of these two clubs which does not exactly accord with the sentiments contained in the second article of the League constitution.

The case in fact was this: After the bankruptcy of the Athletics, Bradley, Anson and Batten, who had been engaged by the Athletics for the season of 1877, found it to their interest to join other clubs, the two former signing with the Chicago club and the latter with St. Louis, this being done with the proviso of their obtaining their release from the Athletics. There were two methods of punishing the Athletic club; the one was by forfeiting the games they failed to play, and the other was by expelling them. The four Western clubs asked for their expulsion, and the St. Louis club individually requested that the unplayed games be forfeited, so as to give them second position in the pennant race. To have applied the penalty of forfeiture would have been to have exempted the two clubs from expulsion, in which case the contracts with the three Western clubs would have been null and void. Being on the horns of this dilemma, the Board of Directors chose the way of escape which expulsion pointed out, and so St. Louis had to be content with third place and with getting Batten back in their nine, while Chicago benefited by the result in getting Bradley and Anson for service. Hence the infliction of the harsh penalty of expulsion from the League.

We find also that a new wording of a rule of the League applicable to the punishment of players for misconduct during any period of the season upon the part of club managers against a club players as to call for special comment. The rule in question is this:

"Any player who shall conspire with any person against the interest of his club, or by any conduct manifest a disposition to obstruct the management of his club, may be expelled. The club is entitled to the best services of the player, and if any player becomes indifferent or careless in his play, or from any cause becomes unable to render service satisfactory to his club, it may, at its option, refuse to pay salary for such time, or may cancel the contract of such player."

While this section may have the effect of urging players to use extra exertion in the discharge of their field duties, and also act as an obstacle to any operations known as "crooked work," it opens the door to an arbitrary control of each individual player to an extent which practically deprives him of any rights the clubs might otherwise be obliged to respect. In fact, it gives the power to a club to discharge any player of the club without any period of the season upon the slightest of pleas, as it will be very easy to bring his conduct under the category of "unsatisfactory service." The application of the new rule can be strikingly illustrated in the case of Borden, of the Boston team of 1876.

This player has been found a sort of costly elephant on the hands of the club, and all efforts to induce him to release the club from the responsibility of having to pay him his salary for three years, having failed through his prompt acquiescence in every duty given him to discharge, it became a problem how to rid the club of the pecuniary obligations his retention involved. The wording of this new rule does the business at once, and Borden may date his discharge from the Boston club from the hour this rule was adopted.

The new rule which the Convention adopted, which specially commends itself as a step in the right direction, and that is the rule which prohibits every league club from making any contract with an engaged player from March 15th to the close of the season, or to the time the player has been released. By this new rule of the Association—now adopted by a unanimous vote—after March 15th no League club can employ any player who is held to service by a written contract to any club, "in or out of the League." This does away with the custom in vogue last season of taking in players of co-operative clubs, without regard whether such players violated their agreements or not. This custom was a fruitful source of revolving in the semi-professional arena last season, and it was mainly due to the leniency given to the class of players anxious to get into League clubs by League club managers seeking to strengthen their teams.

The amendments to the playing rules do not involve any material change in the fundamental laws of the game. In brief they are as follows: The ball is of the same size, weight and material as that of 1876, viz.: nine and a quarter inches in circumference, five and a half ounces in weight, and composed of woolen yarn covered with leather, and containing the usual ounce ball of rubber. The League decided, however, to use only one kind of ball, and they selected the "regulation dead ball," made by Mahan of Boston. No match between League clubs can now be legal unless played with a ball furnished by the League secretary, he procuring them in quantities from the appointed manufacturer.

The bases—with the exception of the home base—have been enlarged from one foot square to fifteen inches square. The home base has been changed from the position it occupied last year, and now is located within the lines of the diamond.

Besides the foul ball lines, lines are to be laid down parallel to the foul lines as a boundary line within which the batting side are not allowed to pass.

The batsman's position has been brought forward a foot, so that he can now stand three feet in front of the home base line instead of but two, as last season.

Base runners running from home to first base must keep on the base line. If they run outside of that line before reaching first base they are to be declared out. In returning on foul balls, too, they must run back. If they walk back they are to be given out.

If a base-runner in any way allows a batted ball to touch him he is to be declared out. He is now allowed to get behind a felder to avoid obstructing him in fielding. If a ball is not held by a felder when it is thrown to him to put a base-runner out—as is frequently the case in collisions—the runner is not out.

The pitching rules have not been changed, but the rule defining high and low balls has been reworded so as to make the belt of the player the boundary line. All balls not over the knee, and not below the knee are now "low balls," and all balls above the belt and not higher than the shoulder are high balls.

The Convention established a code of rules for the guidance of the scorers, mainly taken from the *Clipper*. The rule throwing out foul ball catches, advocated by Harry Wright, was not adopted, and the rule on this subject remains the same as last season. The new score will read as follows:

CHICAGO.	T.	R.	B.	B.R.	P.O.A.	E.
McVey, c.	5	4	0	2	5	5
Spalding, p.	6	2	2	2	4	3
Glenn, 1b.	5	3	5	3	8	0
Barnes, 2b.	5	7	5	7	7	1
Anson, 3b.	5	2	3	3	3	0
Peters, s.s.	4	4	5	4	2	3
"Brown," l.f.	4	6	3	2	2	0
Hines, c.f.	4	5	3	2	4	0
Bradley, r.f.	3	4	2	1	0	0
	41	36	32	25	37	16

BOSTON.	T.	R.	B.	B.R.	P.O.A.	E.
White, c.	4	2	2	2	5	2
Bond, p.	4	3	2	2	5	2
Murnan, 1b.	5	4	3	4	8	1

West, 2b.	3	2	1	2	3	2
Sutton, 3b.	4	2	2	2	2	2
G. Wright, s.s.	3	4	2	2	2	1
Leonard, l.f.	3	4	3	3	1	0
O'Rourke, c.f.	4	5	3	2	1	0
Brown, r.f.	4	3	2	2	1	0
	36	30	22	22	27	12

The innings remain the same as before. The new method adds a column for successful base running, cleanly stolen bases counting now.

The records of put out and assisted are added together, for one act of fielding, on the average, is as creditable as the other.

In the selection of umpires, the new rule requires that each League club shall select three men as regular occupants of the position for the season, for the city in which the club is located, and that when a match takes place one or other of these three is to be chosen by lot to umpire the game.

The Convention very properly re-elected Mr. Young as their secretary.

A THOUSAND BOYS WANTED.—There are always boys enough in the market, but some of them are of little use. The kind that are always wanted are—

1. Honest.
2. Pure.
3. Intelligent.
4. Active.
5. Industrious.
6. Obedient.
7. Steady.
8. Obliging.
9. Polite.
10. Neat.

One thousand first-rate places are open for a thousand boys who come up to this reasonable standard.

Each boy can suit his taste as to the kind of business he would prefer. The places are ready in every kind of occupation.

Many of these places of trade and art are already filled by boys who lack some of the most important points, but they will soon be vacant.

One has an office where the lad who has the situation is losing his first point. He likes to attend the singing saloon and the theatre. This costs more money than he can afford, but somehow he manages to be there frequently.

His employers are quietly watching to learn how he gets so much spending money; they will soon discover a leak in the money drawer, detect the dishonest boy, and his place will be ready for some one who is now getting ready for it by observing point No. 1, and being truthful in his ways.

Some situations will soon be vacant because the boys have been poisoned by reading bad books, such as they would not dare to show their fathers, and would be ashamed to have their mothers see.

The impure thoughts suggested by these books will lead to vicious acts; the boys will be ruined, and their places must be filled.

Who will be ready for one of these vacancies?

Distinguished lawyers, useful ministers, skillful physicians, successful merchants, must all soon leave their places for somebody else to fill. One by one they are removed by death.

Mind your ten points, boys; they will prepare you to step into vacancies in the front rank. Every man who is worthy to employ a boy is looking for you if you have these points.

Do not fear that you will be overlooked.

A few advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, non-pareil measurement.

## Dime Hand-Books.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S SERIES.

Beadle's Dime Hand-Books for Young People cover a wide range of subjects, and are especially adapted to their end. They constitute at once the cheapest and the most useful works yet put into the market for popular circulation.

Ladies' Letter-Writer. Book of Games.

Gents' Letter-Writer. Fortune-Teller.

Lovers' Gleanings. Book of Etiquette.

Book of Verses. Ball-room Companion.

Book of Dreams. Book of Beauty.

HAND-BOOKS OF GAMES.

Beadle's Dime Hand-Books of Games and Popular Hand-Books cover a variety of subjects, and are especially adapted to their end. They constitute at once the cheapest and the most useful works yet put into the market for popular circulation.

Carling and Skating. Guide to Swimming.

Book of Croquet. Yachting and Rowing.

 Cricket and Football. Book of Pedestrianism. |

MANUALS FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Beadle's Dime Family Series aims to supply a class of text-books and manuals fitted for every person's use—the old and the young, the learned and the unlearned. They are of conceded value.

1. Cook Book. 4. Family Physician.

2. Recipe Book. 5. Dressmaking and Millinery.

3. Housekeeper's Guide.

Dialogues, Dramas and Recitations

BEADLE AND ADAMS have now on their lists the following highly desirable and attractive text-books prepared expressly for schools, families, etc. Each volume contains 100 large pages

## This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound into a dark, possibly black or dark brown, inner cover material. The overall lighting is even, highlighting the subtle variations in the paper's tone.